

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2.00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II. PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1883. NO. 186.

MONDAY will be court day in Carlisle.

ONE of W. T. Overby's twin children died yesterday.

THE stable of Stone Walker, burned at Richmond. Loss, \$1,200.

W. T. PAUL & Co. moved their saloon yesterday, to Singer's new building.

THE State Grange will meet in grand convocation at Falmouth, next Tuesday.

A DABBY sold 75 rabbits in town in less than thirty minutes, at 10 cents each.

LET'S have a public Christmas tree at the Opera House. What say ye, young folks?

THE Cincinnati Southern has put on a fast line between Chattanooga and Cincinnati.

COUNTERFEIT silver dollars, dated 1880, are worrying the business men of Mt. Sterling.

FRANK CELLA, alias Frank Peculiar, has a fine stock of Christmas fruits at the hole in the wall.

ONE man in Madison county lost the meat of seventeen hogs, by hot weather spoiling the same.

THE earnings of the K. C. road during November '83, are \$4,035.50 more than of November '82.

ROBERTSON county has a doctor to every 125 voters. No wonder people are emigrating.—Democrat.

As a humorist and lecturer, Mr. Burdette is simply immense and nothing too good can be said of him.

THE only man in Kentucky who is dissatisfied with Carlisle's election is the editor of the Louisville Post.

FIRE at Hopkinsville Wednesday in the business portion of the city damaged property to extent of \$15,000.

THE jury in the Wing murder case at Princeton failed to agree. Seven were for acquittal and five for conviction.

ELD. J. W. HARDING, of Winchester, has accepted a call to preach for the church at Falmouth for the ensuing year.

SPEAKING of the *Kentuckian* endorsing the free turnpike system, a type of that office says it endorses nothing but Barnes.

HOGS are said to be dying with cholera over the state. The butcher knife is also said to be working sad havoc with them.

SUGGS, the Kentuckian who killed Manager Plinton, and another murderer named Frisbie, have escaped from the Cartersville (Ga.) jail.

WM. RANKIN, who was taken suddenly ill a few nights ago at the Bourbon House, is paralyzed through one side of his entire body, and there are no hopes of his recovery.

THE frame work on Shaw's new mill has been shoved up heavenward four stories high, and will be a massive structure when completed.

JUDGE DENNY was acquitted at his examining trial at Lancaster, on the charge of murdering J. H. Anderson, on the grounds of self-defense.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the Senate of the Virginia Legislature calling upon United States Senator William Mahone to resign.

THE faithful of Winchester didn't take time to have services in any of the churches on Thanksgiving day—and Winchester calls herself a city, too.

FRANK JAMES' trial for the Blue-cut robbery has been set for January 14 and fixed at \$3,000. It is said he will offer bond and be released shortly.

A MAN calling himself A. T. Jones, from Lexington, Ky., is under arrest in Cincinnati, charged with stealing a horse from a man at Georgetown, Ky.

DR. HOWARD won the \$300 mare raffled off by Jeff Elgin Tuesday night, and sold her back to Jeff for \$96. There were 100 chances taken at two dollars each.

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THE farmers of Clark county whose farms are lying on the roads leading into Winchester, are beautifying their farms by setting out maple trees all along the roads. Bourbon farmers should follow this laudable example.

INSKO, the young man that killed Ishmael, at Pinhook about two years ago, was in Bourbon county a few weeks ago, and perhaps is there now. There is an indictment against him for murder.—[Mt. Olive Democrat.]

PAT PUNCH, city marshal of Mt. Sterling, arrested in Lexington, Monday, the Rev. C. W. Baily, of the Methodist church, for forging the names of two citizens to a note of eleven dollars which he gave as personal security.

THE Board of Commissioners of the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, met and refused to ratify the appointment of John Marrs to supercede Reardon as receiver, on the grounds that no objection had been made to Reardon.

REV. J. T. HENDERICK has accepted an invitation to take charge of the Southern Presbyterian Church in Maysville. He was for twenty years pastor of the church at Paducah and organized a large congregation at that place.

A PANEL of fifty jurors were examined in the Nutt murder trial at Uniontown, Pa., and but one secured. Nutt's counsel moved for a change of venue to Allegheny county and secured it. The defense will be emotional insanity.

A MEETING of the distillers of the State of Kentucky has been called to meet at the Phoenix Hotel in Lexington, on Wednesday, December 12, for the purpose of organizing a pool to control the production of whisky throughout the State.

C. N. SPRINGFELLOW, of Carrollton, Ky., got bunked out of \$150, in Cincinnati, Tuesday. He was one of those fellows who hadn't time to read the paper which he "tuck," and consequently "didn't know anything about them fellers."

No editor can be on the pad seven days out of every week and make a paper that will compare with one on which the editor bestows twelve honest hours six days of each week—and the people are beginning to open their eyes to that fact.

BAD boys at Richmond, threw Cayenne pepper through the windows of their rink and sneezed the scholars of a female school so that they had to give up the sport. The boys had been excluded from the rink on that striped hose occasion.

ED. PHALLIS and Jas. Long, two Ohio men arrested for burglary at Lexington, have been indicted and held over. Information has been received from Dayton, saying that one of them had served four terms in the penitentiary for various offenses.

C. S. PAGE, of New York, has established a circulating library here, with headquarters at Foster, Moore & Co's. It costs but a dollar for a membership of two years. The list of books forming the library is large and replete with the very best literary products.

CLAUDE THOMAS, son of E. K. Thomas, North Middletown, now at Princeton College, N. J., contributes a letter from New York in this issue which is alive and full of political whack. He is a fluent writer, and fully understands what he's talking about. Read his letter.

BUY your Christmas goods from those who are enterprising enough to advertise. Those who are too penurious to advertise their goods and wares which they wish to sell, are to penurious to trade with. They are old timers who believe in slow sales and high prices.

HENRY TURNER has received a letter from Charlie Sitt, of Texas, stating that his brother Alf, has been dangerously injured by a mule falling with him and mashing his chin in a fearful manner. Four doctors were called into requisition before the bones could be set satisfactorily. He also stated that it would be a close rub for him to survive the injury—there being great danger of lock-jaw.

Turkey Wanted.

There's a little gap of six miles of dirt road between Cooper's Run church and Jacksonville, this county, which needs to be piked. Then the citizens of that rich neighborhood would have a straight line of pike to Paris, of only eight miles, instead of having to go around by Centerville, a distance of twelve miles. Harrison county, with an eye to business, is now piking a little gap from Broadwell's to the Bourbon line, which will give Jacksonville a route to Cinthiana of only nine miles. If Bourbon wants the trade of Jacksonville and surrounding country, she has got to move at once to retain it.

Beware of Dead Beasts.

CHAS. CARROLL LEE, an ex-Major in the Confederate army, and a civil engineer, from Savannah, Ga., called at the residence of Capt. J. M. Thomas, in this city early yesterday morning to ask employment and cast-off clothing, and while talking in the hall, was discovered with the Captain's hat concealed under his coat. Capt. Thomas very generously permitted him to leave town without prosecution, and he skipped at once. He left a very intelligently written letter descriptive of his condition, showing him to have been a highly educated man. Two other suspicious characters were seen with him early in the morning—all no doubt on the beat.

"The Field is the World."

On Thursday night Dec. 13th, the Ladies Aid Society of the Christian church will give an entertainment at the Odd Fellows Hall. The programme consists of some fine music, one or two recitations and a beautiful play entitled "The Field is the World." The admission fee is only twenty-five cents, thus bringing a delightful evening within the means of every one and at the same time giving every one an opportunity to assist the good work being done by this benevolent society. Many needy ones bless them for the assistance they have already rendered; and the more means at their disposal, the more good will be accomplished. You are cordially invited.

SCINTILLATIONS.

—Why not have a Christmas hop?

—Thos. Waller and family, from Nicholas, have gone to Florida.

—W. L. Davis left last night for the East, to purchase a lot of Jerseys.

—Cal. Darnell has returned home to Carlisle with his new wife, from Iowa.

—Wm. Myall and the Rev. Mr. McMillan have gone to Fleming county, on a week's hunt.

—Capt. Ed. Taylor, Labe Sharp and other commercial evangelists, were in town yesterday.

Mrs. W. B. Victor, the mother of "Marie Prescott," the actress, is visiting relatives in Carlisle.

W. H. Wangh and W. W. Talbert, of Nicholas, are jurors in the U. S. Court at Covington, this week.

J. Soule Smith of Lexington, has gone to Washington as correspondent of the Cincinnati News-Journal.

—Mr. Herod Osborne, a Virginian, is stopping at the Bourbon House, and is getting up a dancing school.

—Theodore Nix and wife, of this city, are to become residents of Clay City, on the Kentucky Union Railway.

Messrs. Garret Davis, Prof. A. Gutzeit and "Scrub" Webb, of this city, acted as the groom's best men at the Nix and Horine nuptials, in Cinthiana, Tuesday.

—Col. Swope is at Washington listening to the death rattle of the grand old party; and as he feels it's fast-diminishing pulse, holds his head sideways and attempts to wear the look of a wise physician.

—Elder Wm. Sweeney, of Horse Cave, is the guest of his brother in this city. He has been called to the pastoral charge of the Christian Church at Bowling Green, and will move there the first of January.

A new piece of music is called the Tobacco Waltz. It should be played on a pipe organ and danced by girls with fine cut features wearing Connecticut wrappers, and the gentlemen should wear plug hats and Hav-a-na for a partner.

A certain old preacher in Tennessee is called the "satisfying preacher." When a congregation becomes tired of its regular pastor, the "satisfying" preacher is sent for. He is so darned mean that the congregation is generally glad to hold on to its old pastor.

—Editors Kehoe and Craddock are hanging around the free lunch counters at Washington, and Morey is basking in the sunny smiles of a new wife; in the meantime the people all have to turn their weary eyes to the BOURBON NEWS for local and editorial intelligence of a sparkling nature.

—W. J. Kehoe, editor of the Cinthiana Democrat, has been appointed Private Secretary to Speaker Carlisle, at Washington. This may be a good thing in Mr. Kehoe accepting this remunerative position for the winter, but we do not think so. The editor of this paper has this year declined two positions of \$1,200 per annum on city papers, and preferred to stick to his obligation to his patrons and give them the worth of their money, being his own boss and yielding to the dictates of none.

Mr. BURDETTE expressed his fun in a neat, catching way that never failed to bring down the house. He seldom burlesques his ideas, and it is greatly to his credit that he possesses a kindly humor.—[Courier-Journal.]

Paul says in a letter to the Thesalonians "They that will not work should not eat." It is mistaken charity to maintain any that can labor in idleness. Paris needs a law to authorize the putting of all tramps, petty thieves, and professional gamblers on the road pike. The town and community should be rid of all such. J. M. THOMAS.

The Abram Barton Will Case.

THE will of Abram Barton, which has been in contest from probate here for the past two days, was refused probate by Judge Turner. The will as read, bequeathed to the widow, \$1,000 during her life, placed in trust of John Bedford; to Mrs. Thos. Fisher, \$3,000; to Miss Mollie Knight, \$3,000; to Mrs. Bowen, \$250; the residue of the property after the indebtedness is paid, to be divided equally between Miss Knight and Mrs. Fisher. Josh Barton and Mrs. Amos Jameson were cut out entirely, on the grounds of having drawn the *pro rata* of the estate. Miss Knight holds notes against the estate to the amount of \$3,700, credited by \$150.

The Trader, Turfman, Farmer and Sportsman.

[[Cattle buyers in Hopkins County are paying two and a half cents gross per pound.

W. T. Buckler, sold his farm of 144½ acres near the Blue Licks to Robt. Overby, for \$20 per acre.

Allen Griggs has sold his farm of 179 acres in Clark county to A. Howard Hampton at \$35 per acre.

The Hamiltons sold the Wilson farm of 300 acres near Flat Rock, to Geo. Bramblett, of Nicholas, at \$10 per acre.

Chinn & Morgan, of Harrodsburg, have sold the chestnut coat scalper, by War Dance, to W. B. Jennings, of Mo, \$2,500.

Col. W. W. Baldwin, of Maysville, purchased 13 mules last court day at Winchester at prices ranging from \$150 to \$120.50.

At the Georgetown Tobacco Fair, the samples which aggregated 500 pounds, were sold to C. L. Head, of Louisville, at 82 cents per pound.

There were from 800 to 1,000 cattle on the Winchester market court day, most of which were sold at 4½ and 5c. No horses or mules of any consequence on the market.

Abram Renick shipped a Short-horn calf per Adams Express to Powell & Co., Lee's Summit, Mo. The price of the calf unknown, but the express charges amounted to \$40.40.

The recent rapid advance in the price of hogs from \$4.15 to \$5 and \$5.10, in this market is due to the opening of the packing season, together with the removal of restrictions upon American pork into France.

John R. Swiney, surviving partner of the firm of McIntyre & Swiney, will sell, on December 20th, at Treacy & Wilson's stable, at Lexington, the renowned racers Katie Peace, Lizzie S., Redstone and a brown weanling filly by Virgil.

BIRTHS.

To the wives of John Garth and Frank Morris, daughters.

Born to the wife of John Glover, of this precinct, a son. Weight 15 pounds.

To the wives of Joseph Fennell and R. Coffee, of Cinthiana, a son and daughter.

The wife of Mr. Reese, a drummer from Winchester, has three living children, the oldest of which is now but thirty-three months old, and none are twins.

MATRIMONIAL.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Judge William Lindsay and Miss Eleanor Holmes of Frankfort.

A couple were married in Owen county a few days since, the bride and groom being each sixteen years of age.

B. F. Ellington and Miss E. B. Martin, of Nicholas, were married by Squire Coons, in his office in Maysville, last Saturday.

Cards are out announcing the wedding of Frank K. Rodman, of Frankfort, to Miss Zennia Archer, of Cincinnati, O., the ceremony to take place on the 12th inst. at the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati.

A very high-toned wedding in colored society took place in this city, Wednesday afternoon. A ticket to this office reads as follows: "Mrs. Sallie Jones requests your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Tetia Jones, to Mr. Edward E. Cooper, on Wednesday, December 5th, at 8 o'clock. St. Paul's Church. Reception at Mr. A. N. Smoot's."

The bride presents given on this occasion were numerous and costly—there being \$150 worth of them having been purchased at a single store. The groom is from Indianapolis, and is a mail agent on one of the roads running through that city.

DEATHS.

Sid B. Kennedy died at the residence of his father, Tuesday afternoon, of consumption. He had been a sufferer for years, but had been confined to his bed but a short time. He died almost without a struggle or pain—like falling over to sleep. Funeral services yesterday, by Rev. Hendly, of Cincinnati, a Universalist. The remains were escorted to the cemetery by the Masonic Sir Knights, of which order he was an exemplary member.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN.

C. F. DILLAKE & Co. are headquarters for Holmes & Cutt's Famous English Biscuits.

—Senator Carlisle shaves every morning before breakfast.

ALDEN Evaporated Fruits, very fine, domestic dried fruits, best and cheapest, at SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co.

—Beauregard and Jubal Early receive \$10,000 annually each from the Louisiana Lottery.

THE celebrated spices, imported by H. F. A. Phiney, of New York, can always be found with SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co.

—Now the young married men are looking all over creation for Christmas presents for their mothers-in-law.

THANKSGIVING DELICACIES—Figs, dates, Melian grapes, bananas, celery, Italian plums, Florida oranges, apples, coconuts, turkeys, cranberries, prunes, raisins, oysters, mince-meat, etc., for sale by SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co. C. F. DILLAKE & Co.

—Matrimony is said to be a lottery, but up to the hour of going to press no law has been enacted prohibiting the use of the males.

E. B. MALLORY & Co. are univalued as oyster packers. They pack none but fresh and sound goods. Their cans are full, the oysters are guaranteed all O. K. when they leave the houses of SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co. C. F. DILLAKE & Co.

—When death occurs in a Boston family the surviving members eat black beans for a month, as a mark of respect for the dead.

THE justly celebrated "Gold Medal Flour" is still the leader. Every barrel warranted first-class or no sale. Small packages neatly printed with the name of the mill. No adulteration. Make your biscuits and rolls with it. Every housekeeper ought to try it. SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co. C. F. DILLAKE & Co.

POSTED NOTICE

I HEREBY FORWARN all persons that my lands are all posted according to law, and all trespassers will be fined to the fullest extent of the law. JOSUA BARTON. [decd-3t] Millersburg, Ky.

CITY TAXES.

At a meeting of the City Council Dec. 5th, 1883, it was ordered that the City Clerk direct the ATTENTION of the TAX PAYERS of the city of Paris, Ky., to the fact that their city taxes for the year 1883 have been due for some time, and all who are in arrears for said taxes that if their taxes are not paid immediately the Collector is directed to proceed, as required by law, to collect the tax by levy and sale of property or properties on which city taxes are due. There is no money in the Treasury to pay the City School teachers and the immediate collection of the City Revenues will be apparent to good citizens. By order of the Council. WM. S. ALEXANDER, City Clerk.

JUST LOOK AND LISTEN!

During stoppage of Paris Mills preparatory to building one of the very best Mills in America, exclusively Roller Machinery and will dispense with mill stones entirely, except for grinding corn. We have arranged with our Brother Miller to supply us with various grades of flour to run our trade during suspension. Some of our good grocery friends over in town officiously inform parties that the Paris Mills have suspended operation and we are not selling flour, such is not the fact "and they well know it." Capt. E. F. Spears of Bourbon Mills and Rogers & Boston of Carlisle are furnishing us a very good fancy flour, and I have made arrangements with Robinson & Co. of Maysville to furnish us with their celebrated gold patent flour which the "World cannot beat." This flour is made exclusively by full sets of roller machinery, no mill stones used in its manufacture, no half roller process like some several mills who are shipping flour from Paris conveying the idea that they make full roller flour. It is impossible to make a quality of flour by this half process to compete with full roller flour.

Would especially request my patrons to try this Robinson & Co. gold patent flour. Guarantee to fully come up to representation or money refunded in fact this guarantee extends to each and every brand or grade of flour we sell. Very Kindly and Ever Truly Yours. Paris, Ky., Dec. 7th '83. WM. SHAW. [7dec-6w]

W. H. H. JOHNSON, Prop'r. W. B. CONWAY, Clerk.

JOHN J. LONG, Prop'r. JOHN J. LONG, Clerk.

JOHNSON HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

One square from the depot. Good Livery Stable Attached. The kindest attention given and guests made comfortable.

Good Sample Rooms. A table filled with all the delicacies of the season.

RATES REASONABLE.

ELLIOTT KELLY, Fire Insurance Agent,

CITIZEN'S BANK, - - PARIS, KY.

Represents FIVE FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES.

CASH ASSETS OVER \$20,000,000.00.

FIRE, LIGHTNING and TORNADO POLICIES WRITTEN. LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY. RATES LOW.

WM. KENNEY, M. D., PRACTITIONER OF

MEDICINE & SURGERY,

May be found during the day, when not professionally engaged, at Brooks & Lyman's Drug Store, at night, at the residence of Prof. E. Amende, on High st.

PARIS 'BUS LINE,

L. F. MANN, Prop. P. CAMPBELL, Supt.

All trains connected with and calls made anywhere in the city. Orders left at hotels or stable. Fare, 25 cts. including ordinary baggage

CHRIS. GROSCH, BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

DEALER IN

Fruits, Cakes, Fancy Goods, Cigars and Tobacco, &c.

FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY.

One door above the Thurston House.

ESTABLISHED IN 1873.

BOULDEN'S

Fire Insurance Agency,

MILLERSBURG, KY.

Represents None but First-Class Companies.

ETNA, of Hartford.

HOME, of New York.

PHENIX, of Hartford.

KENTON, of Covington.

FRANKLIN, of Philadelphia.

THE NEWS

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher

PARIS. : : : KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1901

Golden in its color,
Only of the two wheat
Is by far the dullest.

In the late October:
Full of fun in jesting times,
Tender in the sober.

Lips that sometimes make you feel
All the time like tasting;
So much sweetness seems a sin
To be idly wasting.

Hands—such handy little hands,
Dimpled deep and ruddy—
Just the kind of hands, you know,
For a lifetime study.

When the cows come up the lane,
When the sun is setting,
When the dew is falling soft,
Grass and daisies wetting.

Jane, Jr., stands beside the bars,
And I stand beside her,
Feeling that I'd like to share
All that may be there.

Share the bad and bitter things;
Share the sweets and honey;
Share her smiles and share her tears,
Share the old man's money.

Little lumps, fast in my throat,
Please to skip and let me
Tell my love of all my love
That has long beset me.

O ye gods! to love a young dream
What a risk death-rattle!
"Stop that spouting, Nancy Jane,
And hurry up the cattle!"

Jane, Jr., to the milking speeds,
A dutiful sixteen-year,
While I seek some quiet spot,
Cussing Jane, the Senior.

—Chicago Tribune.

AN ODD ADVENTURE.

Tom Morecombe was in love and in debt—two circumstances which considerably disturbed his equanimity. His pecuniary embarrassments were less serious than his love affair, for the former were of a temporary nature, while the latter threatened to be permanent. The combination made him restless and anxious to avoid the society of his fellow-men, so he packed up his portmanteau and started off to refresh his weary soul by a week's solitude by the sea waves. Slocum-super-Mare was his destination, but when he arrived there he found, to his intense disgust, that the quiet seaport town was in a state of turmoil, being on the eve of a contested election. Not being pleased with this state of things, he moved on the next day to Morriston, a small fishing village a few miles up the coast.

Tom was in an unseemly frame of mind, and he never even looked at his fellow-passengers. The compartment in which he traveled was full, but he resolutely buried his face in the newspaper, and read steadily on till he reached his station. When the train slackened speed at Morriston, he dragged his portmanteau off the rack and alighted on the platform with a blessed sense of relief at the prospect of a few days of absolute quietude.

The aspect of Morriston was eminently calculated to soothe his nerves, for at that period of the year he had the place all to himself. There was no other guest at the little inn where he took up his quarters; the native population was represented by a few children and old men; the bathing machines were drawn up high and dry above the deserted beach, and the most complete desolation prevailed. Tom Morecombe wandered for an hour or two along the seashore with perfect satisfaction, and then returned to the inn.

He undid the straps of his portmanteau and unlocked it in an absent frame of mind, but without any misgivings. He even began to throw the contents pell-mell, upon the bed, when suddenly he awoke to the fact that there was something wrong. A gaudy pair of worked slippers first aroused his suspicions, and, upon further inspection, he perceived that the portmanteau, though it was the counterpart of his own, evidently belonged to some one else.

It immediately occurred to him that in his hurried exit from the train, he had appropriated a strange portmanteau by mistake. At first he was disposed to blame his own carelessness, but he was not in a mood for self-abasement. He then commenced to launch hearty imprecations at the head of the other fellow, and to speculate on what had become of his own property.

From the point of equality of exchange there was not much to choose between the two portmanteaus and their respective contents; but when Tom reflected that his contained, among other things, a precious photograph and a lock of golden hair, he became angrily convinced that he had the worst of the bargain. He was seized with a feverish anxiety to recover his property, and finding among the stranger's luggage a sealed letter addressed to a Mr. Burrows, of Bilchester, a town about thirty miles off, he resolved to go on there immediately. Doubtless he would succeed, with the assistance of Mr. Burrows, in tracing the person who was the bearer of the letter.

He accordingly traveled to Bilchester by the afternoon train, which improved his temper by taking the longest time on record in doing the journey. When he reached his destination he found he could not get back to Morriston that night, so that he had to put up at a hotel.

Without a moment's delay, he called at Mr. Burrows' residence, a modest house in the suburbs of the town. When the servant opened the door he handed her the letter rather unceremoniously, and requested to see her master, but the girl explained that Mr. Burrows was not within, and that she did not know when he would return, so he contented himself with writing the name of his hotel on one of his cards, and leaving a message that he would call in the evening.

He returned to his hotel in an unstable mood, but having done ample justice to a capital dinner, he recovered his good humor. After all, his own portmanteau was not so much damaged, and meanwhile he need feel no scruple about making use of the stranger's property. This reflection occurred to him while smoking a soothing cigar after a decent bottle of claret, and he consequently resolved to postpone his visit to Mr. Burrows till next morning. But just as he was thinking of going

upstairs to bed, the waiter came and handed him a parcel and a visiting card. The parcel was neatly done up in brown paper and bore no name or inscription. The accompanying card, to his great surprise, was his own—the one he had left at Mr. Burrows' house.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Tom, as the waiter prepared to leave the room.

"A young person called just now and left the parcel for the gentleman whose name was on the card," said the man, lingering.

"Was there no message?" inquired Tom.

"No, sir; only the parcel was to be given into your hands directly," returned the waiter.

Tom began to perceive that there had been a misunderstanding. No doubt the parcel had been sent by Mr. Burrows in consequence of the letter he had delivered, and was intended for some one else. "It was rather a strange proceeding to return a visitor's card," but probably the messenger had bungled over his mission. The most likely explanation seemed to be that Mr. Burrows, imagining that the bearer of the letter had left the wrong card by mistake, had sent it back with the parcel. At all events Tom was too sleepy to speculate over the matter, and he therefore carried the parcel up to his room, intending to return it when he called upon Mr. Burrows in the morning.

He was rather surprised at the weight of the package, which was out of all proportion to its size, and when he got upstairs he was seized with curiosity to know what it contained. As it bore no address, he felt, under the circumstances, justified in opening it, and he therefore cautiously undid the wrapper. Inside the brown paper covering was a neat deal box, also without address or inscription. It was nailed down, but the fastening was by no means formidable. After a few minutes' hesitation, Tom whipped out his pocket-knife and pried open the lid sufficiently to be able to take a peep inside. Another covering—tissue paper this time—baffled his curiosity, but on lifting the edge of this he beheld a gleam of gold. His amazement overcame his scruples, and without more ado he wrenched off the lid completely.

"Sovereigns by Jove! The box is literally full of them!" he muttered below his breath.

Tom could hardly believe his eyes, but he soon convinced himself that he was not mistaken. The sovereigns were neatly arranged in closely-packed layers, and, as far as he could judge, the box contained £500 at least. He proceeded to do up the parcel again in an absent manner, while he speculated upon the meaning of Mr. Burrows' conduct. Even assuming the box was intended for some one else, it seemed an extraordinary proceeding to leave a large sum of money at a hotel in such a reckless way. He had previously ascertained that Mr. Burrows was a retired tradesman of very good repute, and from all accounts he appeared to be the last person to commit such a rash and unbusiness-like action.

This singular incident somewhat disturbed Tom's night's rest, for it seemed as though fate had placed in his hands the means of freeing himself from his pecuniary embarrassment. There was nothing to prevent his appropriating the money and making off with it, and as it was all in gold there would be but little risk of detection. Of course, he was too honorable to seriously entertain such a project; still, the temptation was so vivid that he quite longed to dismember himself of his treasure.

Accordingly he set forth as early as possible next morning to Mr. Burrows' house with the parcel under his arm. He sent in his card and was ushered into a small sitting-room; but, after a short interval, the servant returned, with a message that her master was too unwell to see him.

"I called about this parcel," said Tom. "It was left at my hotel last night, and I think there must be some mistake. Will you ask Mr. Burrows?"

"The servant disappeared again, but presently brought back word that Mr. Burrows did not understand what he was alluding to, and knew nothing about any parcel."

"What!" exclaimed Tom in amazement. "Why, it was left at my hotel last night with the card which I delivered into your hands at the door yesterday afternoon. Of course, I imagined it must have come from Mr. Burrows."

"Mr. Burrows says he don't know anything about it," said the girl, looking mystified.

"You gave him my card, I suppose, and the note?" said Tom, after a pause of astonishment.

"Yes, sir; directly he came in," said the servant.

"This is most extraordinary. Just go up to your master again, my girl, and repeat what I have told you. You might also ask him if he would kindly let me know the contents of the note I delivered," he added, as an afterthought.

Before Tom had time to collect his scattered ideas, the servant came back again, looking rather scared, with an envelope in her hand, which he recognized as the note he had brought the day before.

"I have forbidden her to come near him again," said the servant, laying the note on the table. "He is in a dreadful passion. He says it's a cock-and-bull story, but you're welcome to see the letter."

ask him what I am to do with this thing?"

"I don't go near him, sir," said the girl, shrinking back. "Besides, he's a scoundrel; he won't take the parcel. He says he knows nothing about it."

"Very well, then," said Tom, in desperation. "I'll take it myself, but if he won't see me, I shan't take any more trouble."

With this, Tom marched out of the house in a great state of indignation, but with an odd sensation that fate had decreed he should keep the money. He would have left the parcel with the servant, in spite of Mr. Burrows' injunctions, if he could only have felt that he was doing right. It seemed hardly likely, however, that a person would deny all knowledge of such a consignment, if he were really the sender. It is true that Tom was inclined to doubt Mr. Burrows' veracity on this point, but, after all, he might be mistaken. He hurried back to his hotel, and questioned the waiter who had taken in the parcel. The man, however, adhered to his story, and was quite certain that Mr. Burrows' name had never been mentioned. After all the circumstances which connected that gentleman's name with the parcel, the accompanying card which had been left at the house and Tom had done his best to follow up his clue.

As there appeared to be no one in the hotel who expected to receive a parcel, Tom resolved to apply to Mr. Strawbridge, of Slocum, to elucidate the mystery. In his excitement he had forgotten all about his portmanteau; but it now occurred to him that Mr. Strawbridge could explain the whole affair, for Tom still suspected that the parcel had been intended for the messenger who had carried the letter; and upon reflection he felt more and more convinced that Mr. Burrows, for some mysterious reason, had deliberately attempted to deceive him.

Tom traveled to Slocum by the earliest train, revolving these things in his mind, and at the end of his journey, having recollected the impending election, he had formulated his ideas a little. He was hardly surprised to learn that Mr. Strawbridge was the Conservative agent, and though it had been given out that the election was to be conducted on party principles, he began to feel a little suspicious. He called upon Mr. Strawbridge at his office, but discovered that he was attending a noisy meeting of his party at the assembly-rooms. Tom waited patiently until the proceedings broke up, and then took the earliest opportunity to accost him.

Unfortunately, Mr. Strawbridge was a fussy, self-important individual, and little suspecting the delicate nature of Tom's communication, he declined to accede to his request for a private interview, but roughly requested him to state his business on the spot. His manner put Tom's back up, and although there were several persons in hearing, Tom did not hesitate to inform him that owing to an accidental circumstance he had been entrusted with a box of sovereigns to deliver to him. Tom then proceeded to detail the facts of the case, and his story caused a perceptible stir among the by-standers.

"Pooh! pooh! It's all nonsense," interposed Mr. Strawbridge, turning very red, and glancing apprehensively around him.

"But what did the note mean then?" cried Tom, not relishing the statement. "The money was sent to me because I was believed to be your messenger."

"Hullo, Strawbridge!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd, significantly. "Gentlemen, I assure you this is an unworthy maneuver of our opponents," said Mr. Strawbridge, raising his voice. "It is an attempt to convict me of bribery and corruption. I know nothing about the parcel. This young man has been sent here to prejudice our candidate, and to spread damaging rumors."

"Shame! shame!" burst from the excited by-standers; and Tom, who was by no means disposed to take this rebuff calmly, suddenly became the object of popular indignation. Before he had time or opportunity for remonstrance, his hat was crushed over his eyes, and he was violently ejected into the street. But he clung to the precious parcel with dogged determination, and managed to carry it away with him.

Tom was a hot-tempered fellow, but he had a pretty shrewd eye to his own interests. After what had passed, he guessed that neither Mr. Burrows nor Mr. Strawbridge would be anxious to claim the box of sovereigns, which he considered himself entitled to retain by way of damages for the injuries he had sustained. He took the next train to town, and paid the money into his banking account, and then wrote to both of the above named gentlemen, expressing his willingness to refund the amount to whichever was entitled to it, upon receiving a satisfactory explanation. Strange to say, neither of these communications elicited any reply, and from what he afterwards gathered from the local press, Tom is inclined to believe that he will remain in undisputed possession of his spoil. —London Truth.

One of the queerest curiosities on the globe is a man with a silver skull, who was visiting in Louisville, Ky. During a fiercely contested battle in the late war this interesting individual was struck in the head with a piece of shell, which tore away the entire top of his skull, leaving the brain most horribly exposed. Strange to say, he survived the terrible wound, and a noted surgeon, who was one of the physicians in attendance upon the lamented Garfield, succeeded in fitting a silver plate over the opening, which shielded the brain equally as well as the skull. This plate works about the size of a man's hand, and is worked on hinges, and may be raised up and down at will. The resplendent man does not experience the least pain, and as he wears a wig all evidence of a shattered skull is concealed. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

There is a hamlet known as Townsville in Orange County, N. Y., and a citizen there has a number of children who were born on each day of the week from Monday to Sunday, and he named them from the days of the week on which they were born. A short time ago another was born, which was a sticker for him, there being no more days to name from, so he called the last one One Week. —Albany Journal.

Lady. Our old English friend, as expressing a rank on relation rather than strictly an office, has, unlike the King and the Earl, a feminine. Without raising any minute philological questions, Her Majesty is practically the feminine of Lord and of Lord only. But the practical use of the name has been very shifting. In early times the Lady had rather a tendency to soar higher than the Lord; in later times she has rather had a tendency to sink beneath him. When queen-ship, so to speak, was abolished among the West Saxons, the King's wife became the lady. The title was therefore lower than that of Queen, but it was so high that, with the single exception of a Belshazzar, Lady of the Marjorians, it was never given to any but the wives of Kings. The wife of the reigning King is "the Lady," she whom we should now call a Queen. Dowager was then known by the homelier style of "the Old Lady." So, as has been already noticed, Lady was down into the eighteenth century the true English style for the younger daughters and the nieces of a King. In the peerage Lord and Lady exactly answer to one another. If in one case they do not seem to do so, if the daughters of an Earl are called Lady while their younger brothers are not called Lord, it is because all daughters rank with their elder brother and not with their younger. Lady, like Lord, is used vaguely for all ranks of the peerage under Duke, and in a special way for its lower rank. It is when we get below the peerage that the laxer use of the word begins. As Dominus parted off into English Lord and French Sir, so Domina parted off into English Lady and French Dame. Lord and Lady, Sir and Dame, should in strictness go together. And so in formal style they do; the wife of Sir John is properly Dame Mary. It is doubtless by a bit of man's homage to woman that she is in common speech raised to the style of Lady, while her husband is never raised to the style of Lord. And those who report court ceremonies, who surely ought to "know their own foolish business," jumble together under the common head of "Ladies," the wives of Knights, the wives of Barons, and the daughters of Dukes, Marquesses, and Earls. Dame Mary has no place in such exalted company, and the other two classes of Ladies may teach us a lesson in the difference between mere precedence and substantial privilege.

Lady Mary A., the Duke or Earl's daughter, goes before Lady B., the Baron's wife. But let them be charged with treason or felony, and the Baron's wife can claim to be tried by the House of Lords, while the Earl's daughter must be tried by a jury, like any other woman. Lady, then, even as a title, has come down, in common use at least, a step lower than Lord. And, when not used strictly as a title, it has sunk lower again. It has, perhaps, not sunk quite so low as some words which in strictness translate it, certainly not quite so low as Italian donna, perhaps not quite so low as French dame. Still, to most minds Lady is the feminine, not of Lord, but of Gentleman. The gentleman's rightful companion, the gentleman's woman, seems to have vanished altogether. And some people seem, even on very formal occasions, to forget that the Lady is the rightful companion only of the Lord. When men were debating as to the proposal to confer the title of Empress on our present sovereign a public meeting was held in a great English city for the discussion of the question. Some proposed "Sovereign Lady of India" as a more becoming title. To this one speaker objected. He was a barrister by calling, and in ecclesiastical matters a zealous churchman. He might therefore be expected to know both his law-books and his prayer-book. Yet he opposed the style of "Sovereign Lady" on the ground that, when there was a King he would have to be called "Sovereign Gentleman." His hearers, wiser than himself, shouted "Sovereign Lord." But the man of law remained unconvinced; "Sovereign Gentleman" was the one masculine of "Sovereign Lady," and "Sovereign Gentleman of India" was a title that would never do. —E. A. Freeman, in Longman's Magazine.

A University Romance. In the great Swedish University at Upsala lived a young student, a fine-looking fellow possessing great aptitude and love for learning, but without the means of living, while he wooed Dame Science. In other words he was poor, and consequently had no influential friends ready to assist him. Nevertheless he studied hard, keeping up a light heart through all his difficulties, and trying not to look too keenly into the future, which certainly did not offer him a smiling prospect. His gay humor and his good qualities had always made him a favorite with his young companions. One day he was talking and joking with a few of them in the great square of Upsala, passing in this pleasant intercourse a part of an unexpected holiday, when the attention of the group was attracted by a young and graceful girl, who by the side of an elderly lady was walking across the square.

She was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala with her governess, and was generally known as the possessor of a kind and gentle disposition, which together with her beauty had long since made her the object of especial mention and admiration among the students. As the young men stared at her passing away like a beautiful vision, one of them cried out: "By Jove! a kiss from such a mouth would be worth a month in prison!"

Our poor student, the hero of this story, absorbed in the contemplation of this pure and angelic face, answered impetuously, as if by inspiration, "Well! I think I can obtain one!"

"What!" exclaimed all his friends in a breath. "Are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not in the least," he replied; "but I think she would kiss me on the spot if I asked her!"

"Willingly?"

"Willingly,"

"Well, if she kisses you as you say, I will present you with a thousand dollars," cried one.

"And I," "And I," continued three or

four others, for by this fortunate coincidence several of the richest students were of the party, and the betting soon ran high on so formidable an event. The challenge was proposed and accepted in less time than it takes to relate it.

Our hero, although not supremely handsome, had seen much of the world, and the gift of a most distinguished appearance, and now approached the young lady, leaving while he bowed deeply. "Miss Fräulein, my fortune is in your hands," she looked at him with astonishment, but stopped. He then went on to tell his name, his condition, his ambition, and finally confessed with the simplicity of truth what had passed between his companions and himself.

The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased speaking, she said with great gentleness in the midst of her blushes, "If by so small a favor so much good can result, I would be silly to refuse your request," and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

The next day the student was arrested by order of the Governor. He wished to see the man who had induced his daughter to kiss him in this way, as well as the man whom she had consented to kiss. He received him with the sternness of an inquisitor, but after an hour's conversation he was so charmed with him that the student was invited to take his meals at the castle as long as he remained at Upsala.

Our young friend now continued his studies with an ardor which soon caused him to be regarded as one of the most brilliant scholars of the university.

Scarcely three years had passed, since the day of the first kiss when the young student was permitted to sue for a second from the Governor's daughter as his betrothed.

He became one of the most famous scientists of Sweden, as much esteemed for his high integrity as for his learning. His works will live eternally among the most precious gifts of science, and from his happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at present, whose wealth and position in the highest circles are justly considered secondary to their mental and moral acquisitions. —Frederika Bremer.

Fur-Lined and Fur-Trimmed Cloaks.

Fur-lined garments are made in many shapes, such as the short visages, long cassques, redingotes and the loose dolman cloaks, and also in large circulars, which remain the standard wraps for carriage and general wear when warmth and comfort are considered rather than novelty. The preference in fur linings is for those of solid colors, such as the brown-shaded mink linings with tails hanging at intervals, or a whole gray lining made of the backs of Siberian squirrels, or of the downy chinchilla fleece, or perhaps it may be of the stylish golden brown shades of the red fox skins, or black Astrakhan may line a mourning garment, while for evening the royal ermine is used again; the whole squirrel linings (with fine locks on gray grounds) are now very inexpensive, as low as thirty-five dollars, and in silk pelisses trimmed with fur at seventy-five or eighty dollars, though in most instances the prices are greater than these just quoted. For the handsomest silk garment for the street, broad velvet and brocade satin or ottoman silk are in unique designs of both large and small figures, and similar fabrics appear in cloaks with plush or quilted satin linings that have merely trimmings of fur. For the carriage, for receptions, and for evening wear there are vestiges of magnificent gold brocades on grounds of ottoman; or of plush upon plush in the seal-skin brown shades; some of these are scarcely larger than scarfs that hang low in front and merely reach the waist behind; they are lined with fur, and bordered richly to match. For mourning are many camel-hair cloth and armure silk cloaks trimmed with the fine Persian lamb-skin, and either lined with it or with the whole gray lining made of squirrel backs; black fox borders are also on similar cloaks. The high fall effect on the shoulders is given to new circulars by rows of shirring between the neck and shoulders. Sicilienne, tulle-trimmed, and other ruffled silks and satin fabrics of various names are used for circulars for general wear. —Harper's Bazar.

A New Discovery.

One of the most valuable discoveries recently made by practical men of science is a means of fighting up the human body with electricity in such a manner that the physician or surgeon can clearly see the field in which he is to operate. The advantage of such a discovery cannot be overestimated, as it is a fact, admitted by the professional gentlemen themselves, that they often fail to relieve pain because of being compelled to work in the dark; and when treating an internal ailment they are likely to injure as to benefit the patient with experimental prescriptions. With the new apparatus, however, there is no longer need to grope in the dark, and troubles of the ear, nose, mouth, throat and other organs can be so illuminated that the operator can clearly see the minute parts. The adaptability of the electric light that is of the incandescent order is so apparent that it is a matter of surprise that a man of medicine was not the discoverer of its valuable properties. The instrument when used upon the human body may be inserted in various ways. It contains at one end an objective which forms an image of the part examined. It permits, at the illumination of the walls of the stomach and the consequent examination of the same by the aid of lenses. The light is very clear, said to be in no way injurious and shows the parts in their proper colors. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—One-third of the Lord Mayors of London, during the past twenty-four years, have been bachelors.

—Eleven street car conductors in Cincinnati have been presented with \$100 each for long and faithful services.

—The Pacific Ocean has an average depth of about 3,000,000,000 meters every year, but they only increase the size of the earth one inch in 100,000,000 years.

—Detroit detective promises to vanquish any one who will compete with him in the matter of pie-eating, "without regard to sex, color, politics or anything else." —Detroit Post.

—Fifteen and twenty dollar bouquets are to be dispensed with this winter among the "best" people of the metropolis, and only the finest bunches of flowers are to be in favor. —N. Y. Graphic.

—Two little daughters of Franklin Phillips, of "Braxton" County, West Virginia, put powder into the noses of their father, and one of them is now sightless, and the other's life is in danger. —St. Louis Post.

—A letter was recently received at the White House from a citizen in Somerset, Kan. This citizen humbly petitioned to have the name of the place changed to Handspring. The reason he gave was: "There are several men in the town who can turn Handsprings, but not one who can turn a somersal." —Chicago Tribune.

—Some time since a Hartford man presented a friend of his a pet squirrel which he had raised from its infancy. The next day the pet was gone, having forced its way out of the cage. Two days later it put in its appearance at the old homestead, wet, muddy and hungry, having traveled a distance of thirteen miles. —Hartford Post.

—Among the latest batch of erratic suicides are these: A Texas lawyer, because he lost a case; a Kansas miller, because a dam he had just built did not hold water to turn his wheel; an Indiana man, because an old wound would not get well; a Maryland woman, because she got religion; an Illinois farmer, because the plowing did not suit him. —Philadelphia Record.

—Among the incidents of the recent gale on Lake Erie are the rescue by the life-saving crew at Cleveland of eighteen lives, the imperiled sailors being brought to shore in baskets, and the drowning of four duck-hunters at Erie, who had no faith in the Signal Service and put off in spite of the warning of the Weather Bureau, and the advice of friends. —Cleveland Leader.

—Judge Swan, who has passed some months on the Queen Charlotte Islands, in the interest of the United States Fish Commission, reports the discovery of a new food fish, which he calls the black cod. He says it is one of the finest fish he has ever seen, and is caught in great numbers by dredging in deep water, and, when salted, is more tender and palatable than codfish. —N. Y. Sun.

—Mr. Barnum reluctantly confesses that the profits of the "greatest show on earth" last year were \$700,000. The circus business is coming up, and will soon rival journalism as a profession. The girl that "slides" down the wire from the center pole to the ground gets a bigger salary than any editor on earth, even if she hasn't spent four years of her life acquiring a college education. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—Thousands of young American swells are said by a fashionable tailor to wear nothing of American make. Their measures are sent to London tailors, hatters, and furnisiers, who provide the articles ordered very promptly. It is true, that garments thus obtained are liable to prove poor fits, but there are English tailors, here, also, whose sole employment is to complete imported suits to make them fit. —N. Y. Mail.

—Five young men started to take their girls out to ride at Lancaster, N. H., recently, in single carriages. In turning a corner the forward team tipped over, and the other four teams were going so fast that they could not be stopped, but one after the other became a part of the general wreck, until it contained five teams and ten people. No serious injury resulted to the young people, but two carriages were badly wrecked. —Boston Herald.

—Dr. J. P. Barnum, of Louisville, who recently returned from the wonderful suit and gas well in Bradenburg, Ky., tells a Commercial reporter that the flow is as great as it was at the time of its discovery in 1865. The well which is 550 feet deep, has been tubed so as to separate the gas from the water. The Doctor's tests showed an hourly escape of 57.120 cubic feet of gas, with a velocity warranting a company in laying a pipe to Louisville, forty miles distant, to supply the city with light and power.

Mexico will never be inhabited to any great extent by Anglo-Saxons, according to Don Patricio Milmo, a wealthy capitalist of Monterey, for the very good reason that there is too much available land in the United States for people to settle on rather than cast their lot among Spaniards and Italians in Mexico. Those English-speaking people who are now there are generally adventurers with no money, but plenty of brass and wind, and Don Patricio predicts their downfall and final expulsion in the course of time. —Chicago Times.

—A law forbidding rum-sellers to maintain such obstructions in their windows as will prevent a free view of the premises is one the Massachusetts State Board, but in Boston it is commonly disregarded. Some Prohibitionists argue that to open these places to public view increases the temptation to drink. It is also said that young persons who have not yet contracted a strong appetite for alcoholic liquors, and with it a loss of self-respect, will go by a hundred saloons that are complying with the screen law to enter one where they will be concealed while taking their drink. As a rule, the worst barrooms are those that obey the law as to screens. —Boston Transcript.

THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : : KENTUCKY.

JANE, JR.

Jane, Jr. has hair like wheat—
Golden in its color.
Only of the two the wheat
Is far the duller.

Eyes as brown as nuts that fall
In the late October;
Full of fun in jesting times,
Tender in the sober.

Lips that sometimes make you feel
All the time like tasting;
So much sweetness seems a sin
To be idly wasting.

Hands—such handy little hands,
Dimpled deep and ruddy—
Just the kind of hands, you know,
For a lifetime study.

When the cows come up the lane,
When the sun is setting,
When the dew is falling soft,
Grass and daisies wetting—

Jane, Jr., stands beside the bars,
And I stand beside her,
Feeling that I'd like to share
All that may betide her.

Share the bad and bitter things,
Share the sweets and honey;
Share her smiles and share her tears,
Share the old man's money.

Little lumps, fast in my throat,
Please to skip and let me
Tell my love of all my love
That has long beset me.

O ye gods! to love's young dream
What a risk death-rattle!
"Stop that spooning, Nancy Jane,
And hurry up the cattle!"

Jane, Jr., to the milking speeds,
A dutiful sixteen-year,
While I seek some quiet spot,
Cussing Jane, the Senior.

—Chicago Tribune.

AN ODD ADVENTURE.

Tom Morcambe was in love and in debt—two circumstances which considerably disturbed his equanimity. His pecuniary embarrassments were less serious than his love affair, for the former were of a temporary nature, while the latter threatened to be permanent. The combination made him restless and anxious to avoid the society of his fellow-men, so he packed up his portmanteau and started off to refresh his weary soul by a week's solitude by the sea waves. Slocum-super-Mare was his destination, but when he arrived there he found, to his intense disgust, that the quiet seaport town was in a state of turmoil, being on the eve of a contested election. Not being pleased with this state of things, he moved on the next day to Morrilton, a small fishing village a few miles up the coast.

Tom was in an unsocial frame of mind, and he never even looked at his fellow-passengers. The compartment in which he traveled was full, but he resolutely buried his face in the newspaper, and read steadily on till he reached his station. When the train slackened speed at Morrilton, he dragged his portmanteau off the rack and alighted on the platform with a blessed sense of relief at the prospect of a few days of absolute quietude.

The aspect of Morrilton was eminently calculated to soothe his nerves, for at that period of the year he had the place all to himself. There was no other guest at the little inn where he took up his quarters; the native population was represented by a few children and old men; the bathing machines were drawn up high and dry above the deserted beach, and the most complete desolation prevailed. Tom Morcambe wandered for an hour or two along the seashore with perfect satisfaction, and then returned to the inn.

He undid the straps of his portmanteau and unlocked it in an absent frame of mind, but without any misgivings. He even began to throw the contents pell-mell, upon the bed, when suddenly he awoke to the fact that there was something wrong. A gaudy pair of worked slippers first aroused his suspicions, and, upon further inspection, he perceived that the portmanteau, though it was the counterpart of his own, evidently belonged to some one else.

It immediately occurred to him that, in his hurried exit from the train, he had appropriated a strange portmanteau by mistake. At first he was disposed to blame his own carelessness, but he was not in a mood for self-abasement. He then commenced to launch hearty imprecations at the head of the other fellow, and to speculate on what had become of his own property.

From the point of equality of exchange there was not much to choose between the two portmanteaus and their respective contents; but when Tom reflected that his contained, among other things, a precious photograph and a lock of golden hair, he became angrily convinced that he had the worst of the bargain. He was seized with a feverish anxiety to recover his property, and finding among the stranger's luggage a sealed letter addressed to a Mr. Burrows, of Bilchester, a town about thirty miles off, he resolved to go on there immediately. Doubtless he would succeed, with the assistance of Mr. Burrows, in tracing the person who was the bearer of the letter.

He accordingly traveled to Bilchester by the afternoon train, which improved his temper by taking the longest time on record in doing the journey. When he reached his destination he found he could not get back to Morrilton that night, so that he had to put up at a hotel.

Without a moment's delay he called at Mr. Burrows' residence, a modest house in the suburbs of the town. When the servant opened the door he handed her the letter rather unceremoniously, and requested to see her master; but the girl explained that Mr. Burrows was not within, and that she did not know when he would return, so she contented herself with writing the name of his hotel on one of his cards, and leaving a message that he would call in the evening.

He returned to his hotel in an amiable mood, but having done ample justice to a capital dinner, he recovered his good humor. After all, his own portmanteau would turn up, sooner or later, and meanwhile he need feel no scruple about making use of the stranger's property. This reflection occurred to him while smoking a soothing cigar after a decent bottle of claret, and he consequently resolved to postpone his visit to Mr. Burrows till next morning. But just as he was thinking of going

up stairs to bed, the waiter came and handed him a parcel and a visiting card. The parcel was neatly done up in brown paper, and bore no name or inscription. The accompanying card, to his great surprise, was his own—the one he had left at Mr. Burrows' house.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Tom, as the waiter prepared to leave the room.

"A young person called just now and left the parcel for the gentleman whose name was on the card," said the man, lingering.

"Was there no message?" inquired Tom.

"No, sir; only the parcel was to be given into your hands directly," returned the waiter.

Tom began to perceive that there had been a misunderstanding. No doubt the parcel had been sent by Mr. Burrows in consequence of the letter he had delivered, and was intended for some one else. It was rather a strange proceeding to return a visitor's card, but probably the messenger had bungled over his mission. The most likely explanation seemed to be that Mr. Burrows, imagining that the bearer of the letter had left the wrong card by mistake, had sent it back with the parcel. At all events Tom was too sleepy to speculate over the matter, and he therefore carried the parcel up to his room, intending to return it when he called upon Mr. Burrows in the morning.

He was rather surprised at the weight of the package, which was out of all proportion to its size, and when he got upstairs he was seized with curiosity to know what it contained. As it bore no address, he felt, under the circumstances, justified in opening it, and he therefore cautiously undid the wrapper. Inside the brown paper covering was a neat deal box, also without address or inscription. It was nailed down, but the fastening was by no means formidable. After a few minutes' hesitation Tom whipped out his pocket-knife and pried open the lid sufficiently to be able to take a peep inside. Another covering—tissue paper this time—baffled his curiosity, but on lifting the edge of this he beheld a gleam of gold. His amazement now overcame his scruples, and without more ado he wrenched off the lid completely.

"Sovereigns, by Jove! The box is literally full of them!" he muttered below his breath.

Tom could hardly believe his eyes, but he soon convinced himself that he was not mistaken. The sovereigns were neatly arranged in closely-packed layers, and, as far as he could judge, the box contained £500 at least. He proceeded to do up the parcel again in an absent manner, while he speculated upon the meaning of Mr. Burrows' conduct. Even assuming the box was intended for some one else, it seemed an extraordinary proceeding to leave a large sum of money at a hotel in such a reckless way. He had previously ascertained that Mr. Burrows was a retired tradesman of very good repute, and from all accounts he appeared to be the last person to commit such a rash and unbusiness-like action.

This singular incident somewhat disturbed Tom's night's rest, for it seemed as though fate had placed in his hands the means of freeing himself from his pecuniary embarrassment. There was nothing to prevent his appropriating the money and making off with it, and as it was all in gold there would be but little risk of detection. Of course, he was too honorable to seriously entertain such a project; still, the temptation was so vivid that he quite longed to dismember himself of his treasure.

Accordingly he set forth as early as possible next morning to Mr. Burrows' house with the parcel under his arm. He sent in his card and was ushered into a small sitting-room; but, after a short interval, the servant returned, with a message that her master was too unwell to see him.

"I called about this parcel," said Tom. "It was left at my hotel last night, and I think there must be some mistake. Will you ask Mr. Burrows?"

The servant disappeared again, but presently brought back word that Mr. Burrows did not understand what he was alluding to, and knew nothing about any parcel.

"What?" exclaimed Tom in amazement. "Why, it was left at my hotel last night with the card which I delivered into your hands at the door yesterday afternoon. Of course, I imagined it must have come from Mr. Burrows."

"Mr. Burrows says he don't know anything about it," said the girl, looking mystified.

"You gave him my card, I suppose, and the note?" said Tom, after a pause of astonishment.

"Yes, sir! directly he came in," said the servant.

"This is most extraordinary. Just go up to your master again, my girl, and repeat what I have told you. You might also ask him if he would kindly let me know the contents of the note I delivered," he added, as an afterthought.

Before Tom had time to collect his scattered ideas, the servant came back again, looking rather scared, with an envelope in her hand, which he recognized as the note he had brought the day before.

"Master has forbidden me to come near him again," said the servant, laying the note on the table. "He is in a dreadful passion. He says it's a cock-and-bull story, but you're welcome to see the letter."

"A cock-and-bull story is it?" growled Tom, snatching up the letter. "It strikes me I'm being made a fool of anyway. Hullo! what does this mean?"

He had opened the envelope, and found it contained nothing but a plain sheet of letter paper and a card. The latter bore the name of—

MR. A. C. STRAWBRIDGE

Solicitor,

SLOCUM.

and beneath was written in pencil: "Bearer suspects nothing."

"Well, I'm dumfounded. Listen, my girl, this is all nonsense," broke forth Tom, impatiently. "Here I am landed with a confounded parcel that I know nothing about. Go and tell your master I must see him—or, at all events,

ask him what I am to do with this thing?"

"I don't go near him, sir," said the girl, shrinking back. "Besides, he particularly said I wasn't to take the parcel. He says he knows nothing about it."

"Very well, then," said Tom, in desperation. "It is all a mistake, but if he won't see me, I shan't take any more trouble."

With this, Tom marched out of the house in a great state of indignation, but with an odd sensation that fate had decreed he should keep the money. He would have left the parcel with the servant, in spite of Mr. Burrows' injunctions, if he could only have felt that he was doing right. It seemed hardly likely, however, that a person would deny all knowledge of such a consignment, if he were really the sender. It is true that Tom was inclined to doubt Mr. Burrows' veracity on this point, but, after all, he might be mistaken. He hurried back to his hotel, and questioned the waiter who had taken in the parcel. The man, however, adhered to his story, and was quite certain that Mr. Burrows' name had never been mentioned. After all, the circumstances which connected that gentleman's name with the parcel was the accompanying card which had been left at the house and Tom had done his best to follow up his clue.

As there appeared to be no one in the hotel who expected to receive a parcel, Tom resolved to apply to Mr. Strawbridge, of Slocum, to elucidate the mystery. In his excitement he had forgotten all about his portmanteau; but it now occurred to him that Mr. Strawbridge could explain the whole affair, for Tom still suspected that the parcel had been intended for the messenger who had carried the letter, and upon reflection he felt more and more convinced that Mr. Burrows, for some mysterious reason, had deliberately attempted to deceive him.

Tom traveled to Slocum by the earliest train, revolving these things in his mind, and at the end of his journey, having recollected the impending election, he had formulated his ideas a little. He was hardly surprised to learn that Mr. Strawbridge was the Conservative agent, and though it had been given out that the election was to be conducted on party principles, he began to feel a little suspicious. He called upon Mr. Strawbridge at his office, but discovered that he was attending a noisy meeting of his party at the assembly-rooms. Tom waited patiently until the proceedings broke up, and then took the earliest opportunity to accost him.

Unfortunately, Mr. Strawbridge was a fussy, self-important individual, and little suspecting the delicate nature of Tom's communication, he declined to accede to his request for a private interview, but roughly requested him to state his business on the spot. His manner put Tom's back up, and although there were several persons in the hearing, Tom did not hesitate to inform him that owing to an accidental circumstance he had been entrusted with a box of sovereigns to deliver to him. Tom then proceeded to detail the facts of the case, and his story caused a perceptible stir among the by-standers.

"Pooh! pooh! It's all nonsense," interposed Mr. Strawbridge, turning very red, and glancing apprehensively around him.

"But what did the note mean then?" cried Tom, not relishing the statement.

"The money was sent to me because I was believed to be your messenger," said "Hullo, Strawbridge!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd, significantly.

"Gentlemen, I assure you this is an unworthy manoeuvre of our opponents," said Mr. Strawbridge, raising his voice.

"It is an attempt to convict me of bribery and corruption. I know nothing about the parcel. This young man has been sent here to prejudice our candidate, and to spread damaging rumors."

"Shame! shame!" burst from the excited by-standers; and Tom, who was by no means disposed to take this rebuff calmly, suddenly became the object of popular indignation. Before he had time or opportunity for remonstrance, his hat was crushed over his eyes, and he was violently ejected into the street. But he clung to the precious parcel with dogged determination, and managed to carry it away with him.

Tom was a hot-tempered fellow, but he had a pretty shrewd eye to his own interests. After what had passed, he guessed that neither Mr. Burrows nor Mr. Strawbridge would be anxious to claim the box of sovereigns, which he considered himself entitled to retain by way of damages for the injuries he had sustained. He took the next train to town, and paid the money into his banking account, and then wrote to both of the above named gentlemen, expressing his willingness to refund the amount to whichever was entitled to it, upon receiving a satisfactory explanation. Strange to say, neither of these communications elicited any reply, and from what he afterwards gathered from the local press, Tom is inclined to believe that he will remain in undisputed possession of his spoil.—*London Truth.*

—One of the queerest curiosities on the globe is a man with a silver skull, who was visiting in Louisville, Ky. During a fiercely contested battle in the late war this interesting individual was struck in the head with a piece of shell, which tore away the entire top of his skull, leaving the brain most horribly exposed. Strange to say, he survived the terrible wound, and a noted surgeon, who was one of the physicians in attendance upon the lamented Garfield, succeeded in fitting a silver plate over the opening, which shielded the brain equally as well as the skull. This plate is about the size of a man's hand, and works on hinges, and may be raised up and down at will. The re-skulled man does not experience the least pain, and as he wears a wig all evidence of a shattered skull is concealed.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—There is a hamlet known as Townsville in Orange County, N. Y., and a citizen there has a number of children who were born on each day of the week from Monday to Sunday, and he named them from the days of the week on which they were born. A short time ago another was born, which was a sticker for him, there being no more days to name from, so he called the last one *One Week*.—*Albany Journal.*

"Lady."

Our old English Hlaford, as expressing a rank or relation rather than strictly an office, has, unlike the King and the Earl, a feminine. Without raising any minute philological questions, Hlaford is practically the feminine of Hlaford. And it abides so still; the softened form of lady is still, in grammar at least if not in usage, the feminine of Lord and of Lord only. But the practical use of the name has been very shifting. In early times the Lady had rather a tendency to soar higher than the Lord; in later times she has rather had a tendency to sink beneath him. When queen-ship, so to speak, was abolished among the West Saxons, the King's wife became the lady. The title was therefore lower than that of Queen, but it was so high that, with the single exception of Æthelred's Lady of the Mercians, it was never given to any but the wives of Kings. The wife of the reigning King is "the Lady"; she whom we should now call a Queen Dowager was then known by the homelier style of "the Old Lady." So, as has been already noticed, lady was true into the eighteenth century the English style for the younger daughters and the nieces of a King. In the peerage Lord and Lady exactly answer to one another. If in one case they do not seem to do so, if the daughters of an Earl are called Lady while their younger brothers are not called Lord, it is because all daughters rank with their elder brother and not with their younger. Lady, like Lord, is used vaguely for all ranks of the peerage under Duke, and in a special way for its lower rank. It is when we get below the peerage that the laxer use of the word begins. As Dominus parted off into English Lord and French Sir, so Domina parted off into English Lady and French Dame. Lord and Lady, Sir and Dame, should in strictness go together. And so in formal style they do; the wife of Sir John is properly Dame Mary. It is doubtless by a bit of man's homage to woman that she is in common speech raised to the style of Lady, while her husband is never raised to the style of Lord. And those who report court ceremonies, who surely ought to "know their own foolish business," jumble together under the common head of "Ladies," the wives of Knights, the wives of Barons, and the daughters of Dukes, Marquesses, and Earls. Dame Mary has no place in such exalted company, and the other two classes of Ladies may teach us a lesson in the difference between mere precedence and substantial privilege.

Lady Mary A., the Duke or Earl's daughter, goes before Lady B., the Baron's wife. But let them be charged with treason or felony, and the Baron's wife can claim to be tried by the House of Lords, while the Earl's daughter must be tried by a jury like any other woman. Lady, then, even as a title, has come down, in common use at least, a step lower than Lord. And, when not used strictly as a title, it has sunk lower again. It has, perhaps, not sunk quite so low as some words, not in strictness translate it, certainly not so low as Italian donna, perhaps not quite so low as French dame. Still, to most minds Lady is the feminine of Lord, but of Gentleman. The gentleman's rightful companion, the gentleman, seems to have vanished altogether. And some people seem, even on very formal occasions, to forget that the Lady is the rightful companion only of the Lord. When men were debating as to the proposal to confer the title of Empress on our present sovereign a public meeting was held in a great English city for the discussion of the question. Some proposed "Sovereign Lady of India" as a more becoming title. To this one speaker objected. He was a barrister by calling, and in ecclesiastical matters a zealous churchman. He might therefore be expected to know both his law-books and his prayer-book. Yet he opposed the style of "Sovereign Lady" on the ground that, when there was a King he would have to be called "Sovereign Gentleman." His hearers, wiser than himself, shouted "Sovereign Lord." But the man of law remained unconvinced; "Sovereign Gentleman" was the one masculine of "Sovereign Lady," and "Sovereign Gentleman of India" was a title that would never do.—*E. A. Freeman, in Longman's Magazine.*

A University Romance.

In the great Swedish University at Upsala lived a young student, a fine-looking fellow possessing great aptitude and love for learning, but without the means of living while he wooed Dame Science. In other words he was poor, and consequently had no influential friends ready to assist him. Nevertheless he studied hard, keeping up a light heart through all his difficulties, and trying not to look too keenly into the future, which certainly did not offer him a smiling prospect. His gay humor and his good qualities had always made him a favorite with his young companions. One day he was talking and joking with a few of them in the great square of Upsala, passing in this pleasant intercourse a part of an unexpected holiday, when the attention of the group was attracted by a young and graceful girl, who by the side of an elderly lady was walking across the square.

She was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala with her governess, and was generally known as the possessor of a kind and gentle disposition, which together with her beauty had long since made her the object of especial mention and admiration among the students. As the young men stared at her passing away like a beautiful vision, one of them cried out: "By jove! a kiss from such a mouth would be worth a month in prison!"

Our poor student, the hero of this story, absorbed in the contemplation of this pure and angelic face, answered impetuously, as if by inspiration; "Well! I think I can obtain one!"

"What!" exclaimed all his friends in a breath. "Are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not in the least," he replied; "but I think she would kiss me on the spot if I asked her!"

"Willingly!"

"Willingly!"

"Well! if she kisses you as you say, I will present you with a thousand dollars," cried one.

"And I." "And I," continued three or

four others, for by a fortunate coincidence several of the richest students were of the party, and the betting soon ran high on so improbable an event. The challenge was proposed and accepted in less time than it takes to relate it.

Our hero, although not supremely handsome, had received from his good fairy the gift of a most distinguished appearance, and now approached the young lady, saying, while he bowed deeply: "Mein Fraulein, my fortune is in your hands." She looked at him with astonishment, but stopped. He then went on to tell his name, his condition, his ambition, and finally confessed with the simplicity of truth what had passed between his companions and himself.

The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased speaking, she said with great gentleness in the midst of her blushes, "If by so small a favor so much good can result, it would be silly to refuse your request," and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

The next day the student was arrested by order of the Governor. He wished to see the man who had induced his, the Governor's daughter, to kiss him in this way, as well as the man whom she had consented to kiss. He received him with the sternness of an inquisitor, but after an hour's conversation he was so charmed with him that the student was invited to take his meals at the castle as long as he remained at Upsala.

Our young friend now continued his studies with an ardor which soon caused him to be regarded as one of the most brilliant scholars of the university.

Scarcely three years had passed since the day of the first kiss when the young student was permitted to sue for a second from the Governor's daughter as his betrothed.

He became one of the most famous scientists of Sweden, as much esteemed for his high integrity as for his learning. His works will live eternally among the most precious gifts of science, and from his happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at present, whose wealth and position in the highest circles are justly considered secondary to their mental and moral acquirements.—*Fredericka Bremer.*

Fur-Lined and Fur-Trimmed Cloaks.

Fur-lined garments are made in many shapes, such as the short visites, long casques, redingotes and the loose dolman cloaks, and also in large circulars, which remain the standard wraps for carriage and general wear when warmth and comfort are considered rather than novelty. The preference in fur linings is for those of solid colors, such as the brown-shaded mink linings with tails hanging at intervals, or a whole gray lining made of the backs of Siberian squirrels, or of the downy chinchilla, fleece, or perhaps it may be of the stylish golden brown shades of the red fox skins, or black Astrakhan may line a mourning garment, while for evening the royal ermine is used again; the whole squirrel linings (with fine locks on gray grounds) are now very inexpensive, as low as thirty-five dollars, and in silk pelisses trimmed with fur at seventy-five or eighty dollars, though in most instances the prices are greater than these just quoted. For the handsome silk garment for the street, broadcloth velvet and broadcloth satin or ottoman silk are in unique designs of both large and small figures, and similar fabrics appear in cloaks with plush or quilted satin linings that have merely trimmings of fur. For the carriage, for receptions, and for evening wear there are varieties of magnificent gold brocades on grounds of ottoman, or of plush upon plush in the seal-skin brown shades; some of these are scarcely larger than scarfs that hang low in front and merely reach the waist behind; they are lined with fur, and bordered richly to match. For mourning are many camel-hair cloth and armure silk cloaks trimmed with the fine Persian lamb-skin, and either lined with it or with the whole gray lining made of squirrel backs; black fox borders are also on similar cloaks. The high full effect on the shoulders is given to new circulars by rows of shirting between the neck and shoulders. Sicilienne, tremelaine, messine, and other repped silks and satin fabrics of various names are used for circulars for general wear.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A New Discovery.

One of the most valuable discoveries recently made by practical men of science is a means of lighting up the human body with electricity in such a manner that the physician or surgeon can clearly see the field in which he is to operate. The advantage of such a discovery cannot be overestimated, as it is a fact, admitted by the professional gentlemen themselves, that they often fail to relieve pain because of being compelled to work in the dark; and when treating an internal ailment they are likely to injure as to benefit the patient with experimental prescriptions. With the new apparatus, however, there is no longer need to grope in the dark, and troubles of the ear, nose, mouth, throat and other organs can be so illuminated that the operator can clearly see the minute parts. The adaptability of the electric light that is of the incandescent order is so apparent that it is a matter of surprise that a man of medicine was not the discoverer of its valuable properties. The instrument when used upon the human body may be inserted in various ways. It contains at one end an objective which forms an image of the part examined. It permits of the illumination of the walls of the stomach and the consequent examination of the same by the aid of lenses. The light is very clear, said to be in no way injurious and shows the parts in their proper colors.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—Swallow-Tail Point light-house, near Toronto, Ont., was named in a unique way. At a banquet given by some citizens, during its erection, to Mr. Kent, who was to be its keeper, no one but the latter appeared in full dress. Thereafter he was called "Swallow-Tail Kent," and when he took up his residence in the tower the name went with him.

—Senator Plumb, of Kansas, subscribes for two-hundred newspapers.—*Chicago Herald.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—One-third of the Lord Mayors of London, during the past twenty-four years, have been bachelors.

—Eleven street car conductors in Cincinnati have been presented with \$100 each for long and faithful services.

—Prof. Newton says that the earth receives about 3,000,000,000 of meters every year, but they only increase the size of the earth one inch in 100,000,000 years.

—A Detroit detective promises to vanquish any one who will compete with him in the matter of pie eating, "without regard to sex, color, politics or anything else."—*Detroit Post.*

—Fifteen and twenty dollar bouquets are to be dispensed with this winter among the "best" people of the metropolis, and only the tiniest bunches of flowers are to be in favor.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Two little daughters of Franklin Phillips, of Braxton County, West Virginia, put powder into the fire so as to make it burn up. One of them is now sightless, and the other's life is despaired of.—*St. Louis Post.*

—George William Curtis told the Staten Islanders, at their late celebration, that "this precious stone Staten Island, set in their silver seas, is the most resplendent gem of the imperial crown of the great metropolis."—*N. Y. Times.*

A letter was recently received at the White House from a citizen in Somerset, Kan. This citizen humbly petitioned to have the name of the place changed to Handspring. The reason he gave was: "There are several men in the town who can turn handsprings, but not one who can turn a somersault."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Some time since a Hartfordman presented a friend of his a pet squirrel which he had raised from its infancy. The next day the pet was gone, having forced its way out of the cage. Two days later it put in its appearance at the old homestead, wet, muddy and hungry, having traveled a distance of thirteen miles.—*Hartford Post.*

—Among the latest batch of erratic suicides are these: A Texas lawyer, because he lost a case; a Kansas miller, because a dam he had just built did not hold water to turn his wheel; an Indiana man, because an old wound would not get well; a Maryland woman because she got religion; an Illinois farmer, because the plowing did not suit him.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Among the incidents of the recent gale on Lake Erie are the rescue by the life-saving crew at Cleveland of eighteen lives, the imperiled sailors being brought to shore in baskets, and the drowning of four duck-hunters at Erie, who had no faith in the Signal Service and put off in spite of the warning of the Weather Bureau and the advice of friends.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Judge Swan, who has passed some months on the Queen Charlotte Islands, in the interest of the United States Fish Commission, reports the discovery of a new food fish, which he calls the black eod. He says it is one of the finest fish he has ever seen, and is caught in great numbers by dredging in deep water, and, when salted, is more tender and palatable than codfish.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mr. Barnum reluctantly confesses that the profits of the "greatest show on earth" last year were \$700,000. The circus business is coming up, and will soon rival journalism as a profession. The girl that slides down the wire from the center pole to the ground gets a bigger salary than any editor on earth, even if she hasn't spent four years of her life acquiring a college education.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Thousands of young American swells are said by a fashionable tailor to wear nothing of American make. Their measures are sent to London tailors, hatters, and furnisiers, who provide the articles ordered very promptly. It is true that garments thus obtained are liable to prove poor fits, but there are English tailors here also, whose sole employment is to complete imported suits to make them fit.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Five young men started to take their girls out to ride at Lancaster, N. H., recently, in single carriages. In turning a corner the forward team tipped over, and the other four teams were going so fast that they could not be stopped, but one after the other became a part of the general wreck, until it contained five teams and ten people. No serious injury resulted to the young people, but two carriages were badly wrecked.—*Boston Herald.*

—Dr. J. P. Barnum, of Louisville, who recently returned from the wonderful salt and gas well in Bradenburg, Ky., tells a *Commercial* reporter that the flow is as great as it was at the time of its discovery in 1865. The well which is 550 feet deep, has been tubed so as to separate the gas from the water. The Doctor's tests showed an hourly escape of 57,120 cubic feet of gas, with a velocity warranting a company in laying a pipe to Louisville, forty miles distant, to supply the city with light and power.

—Mexico will never be inhabited to any great extent by Anglo-Saxons, according to Don Patricio Milmo, a wealthy capitalist of Monterey, for the very good reason that there is too much available land in the United States for people to settle on rather than cast their lot among Spaniards and Italians in Mexico. Those English-speaking people who are now there are generally adventurers with no money, "but plenty of brass and wind," and Don Patricio predicts their downfall and final expulsion in the course of time.—*Chicago Times.*

—A law forbidding rum-sellers to maintain such obstructions in their windows as will prevent a free view of the premises is on the Massachusetts statute book, but in Boston it is commonly disregarded. Some Prohibitionists argue that to open these places to public view increases the temptation to drink. It is also said that young persons who have not yet contracted a strong appetite for alcoholic liquors, and with it a loss of self-respect, will go by a hundred saloons that are complying with the screen law to enter one where they will be concealed while taking their drink. As a rule, the worst barrooms are those that obey the law as to screens.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"God Forbid" is the name of a Arizona town.—*Chicago Herald.*

Starting a Hog Ranch.

Cattle and sheep ranches have become common in all the Western States and Territories. Recently several horse ranches have been started. We also hear of a goat ranch in Colorado and a goose ranch in Texas. Some enterprising citizens of St. Louis have concluded to start a hog ranch. They have secured a large tract of broken and partially wooded land on the bank of the Mississippi River, about thirty-five miles south of the city, where they propose to carry on their operations. Much of the land is broken, but a considerable portion of it is adapted to tillage purposes. The tract contains a large number of oak and other nut-bearing trees. It is expected to derive considerable profit from the mast the trees will afford. The land is well supplied with springs and streams of pure water. It is not the intention of the managers of the enterprise to raise any cultivated crops for feed. The ground will be kept in grass and clover. They will rely on corn raised on the Illinois side of the river for food to fatten the hogs. The corn will be taken over in boats belonging to the company. The great American bottoms embrace some of the most productive corn lands in the world. It is proposed to stock the ranch with piggy sows obtained at the St. Louis stock yards. These animals can be bought very cheap and will be valuable for the purpose designated. First-class Berkshire males will be employed for improving the stock. The pigs will have an extensive range, abundant shade and good water. All the conditions will be favorable to a healthy condition of the animals. The location is excellent for obtaining supplies and for marketing the hogs when they are in a condition to slaughter.

This enterprise gives great promise of success. It seems strange that something of the kind had not been started before. Its operations will be watched with interest. It is likely that the managers will be able to obtain many kinds of food at a very low price. They might load scows with garbage at St. Louis, float them down the river and unload them at the hog ranch. Refuse fish and the waste of slaughter-houses could be treated in the same way. In every large city considerable quantities of corn and small grain become damaged in the course of a season by a variety of causes. Some is charred by fire in warehouses, some is damaged by water, and some because heated in elevators. Grain injured in any of these ways may generally be purchased in large quantities at very low rates. Admitting that the land controlled by this company is now in bad condition as regards fertility, it is certain that much of it can soon be made very productive by the judicious use of the manure made by the hogs. By means of hog manure large crops of red clover may be raised, and this will be of great value for feeding hogs during the summer and early fall. In the course of a few years considerable land will become rich enough to produce large crops of corn. There would seem to be many places on the Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas Rivers where enterprises of this kind could be started with great promise of success. Boats would be able to reach portions of the country where large quantities of corn and other kinds of hog food are raised, but where the facilities for railway transportation are poor. Boats could take these articles from the places where they are raised to the hog ranch at a small cost. Many farmers occupying rich bottom lands would raise corn on contract, if it was taken off their hands as soon as it was matured.

It is likely that raising hogs on a large scale would pay well in many places where there is not good water communication. Many are now engaged in exclusive cattle and sheep production, but there are comparatively few persons who give their exclusive attention to hog-raising. A farm can be easily and cheaply fitted up for hog-raising. Comparatively few buildings are required, and these may be of the cheapest character. Adornment is wasted in buildings for protecting hogs. Tight roofs and floors are all that is required. The latter may be made of clay, concrete, or a mixture of gas-tar and lime and gravel. Much of the land should be devoted to the production of clover and tender grasses, to be eaten by the hogs during the good weather. Rye may often be raised to good advantage for winter pasturing. Much of the land should, of course, be devoted to the production of corn. The raising of corn calls for little expensive machinery, as is the case with the production of small grain. If labor is high the harvesting may be done by the hogs themselves. In some parts of the South it is the custom to turn hogs into corn-fields and to allow them to do the harvesting. The practice appears to be very wasteful, but close observation shows that it is not. Nearly every grain is gathered up and eaten. It is also common there to turn hogs into fields of small grain that have become lodged. Observation shows that in these cases the amount of grain wasted is very small. By the employment of cheap, portable fences the amount of waste may be greatly reduced. No labor is required to harvest artichokes for hogs. In fact, by judicious management much of the labor in the production and harvesting of food for hogs may be reduced. —Chicago Times.

Training of Children.

This subject is very generally neglected. Men of thought and enterprise bestow time and inquiry on the body training of their domestic animals and on proper modes of feeding them, but neglect their children as if they were not worth attention, or would grow strong and healthy without the same amount of care and attention they give their cattle. They make no inquiry into the proper way of feeding, exercising and clothing human beings. All this may be the duty of the mother. But she does not appreciate the importance of body-training and the father is more interested in accumulating wealth than in regular body-training of his offspring. He convinces himself that they will be well developed and become robust and healthy without his expending upon them any care or exertion. The father does not seem to be aware that the first requisite to success in life is to have a well developed body, and that a well developed body is the basis of all happiness and usefulness. Men and women break down under the pressure of duties or ambition, simply because their parents did not fit them for domestic duties and business pressure by giving proper form and strength to their functions by a proper course of training. These remarks apply more particularly to girls, who are usually allowed to mature, as did Topsy, without any pains to give that growth and strength to their body, that future domestic duties may demand.

The tendency is to neglect the body and abuse the mind. No subject of general interest is now so great as the proper means of giving growth and strength, activity and endurance to girls—so that women and wives may not be so generally feeble and suffering. The rearing of well grown men and women is as important in the future life as the present. For religious character and religious sentiment depend very much upon physical health and strength. Our gratitude to Heaven depends very much upon our digestive forces. Hard eating and hard drinking unites the soul for religious, holy thoughts, and suffering and feebleness impairs our gratitude to Heaven. Men tell us just how much food and what kind our animals need, but no principles are involved in feeding human beings. Children are overfed, or underfed, and so are made ill, or well, weak or strong, indolent or active by what they eat and drink. Many infants die from underfeeding, some suffer from repletion and others from starvation. A want of principle in feeding is the basis of the trouble. Infants and children are allowed to eat all they want and not all they need. Our farmers, governed by experience and observation, specify the kind and quantity of food their domestic animals may need to promote certain results they have in view. The great trouble is that our mothers often have no idea of the effects of different kinds of food. They are wholly ignorant of the fact that some kinds of food produce muscles, bones, etc., while others produce body heat and fat. Growth and strength demand a certain percentage of the one and a different percentage of the other. As a general rule it may be true that appetite is a good guide as to quantity. Still some exceptions may exist. Some children are no less than some adults, become gluttons and do themselves much harm. Children need more food than the mature, bulk for bulk. They should have enough to build their "horns of a thousand strings" and then enough to keep them in repair. The food they consume depends upon their needs. They may need sugar, so necessary in supplying the means of moving the animal machinery. They may need fat. Sugary and fatty matters combine with oxygen in the body and thus evolve heat. Those children who are cold, who possess only a poor circulation of blood, need sugar. Other compounds may be converted into heat-food. Starch is changed to sugar in the course of digestion. The liver converts other constituents of food to sugar. Children usually dislike fat, but have a love for sugar. An excess of sugar may compensate for a lack of fat. Suet, boiled in milk, is often useful to feeble children.

Children are very fond of fruit. All vegetable acids are beneficial when taken moderately at regular periods of time. Ripe fruits containing sugar are peculiarly agreeable and useful to all. Now, in these cases we see that children should be fed in harmony with their taste. The taste of children should always be consulted. They usually need a variety, not in kind, but in flavor. The same kind of food day after day often becomes insipid. They should be left to their appetites as to flavor, but not as to quantity. They should have those kinds for which they have a love. Let it form a part of their regular diet, so that they may be less inclined to consume large quantities. The quantity of food must be regulated by observation and experience. If an infant sucks a large amount and eructates a part surely it is wise to give it less next time. —C. H. Allen, M. D., in Western Rural.

Chickens for the Market.

Many farmers have an idea that a chicken must have a large field to roam over to do well, but this is a mistake if it is desired to fatten them for the market. If they are to be kept to furnish eggs when old enough, if permitted to run at large they will do quite as well, or perhaps better, than if confined to a small enclosure, because it is not desirable to have a laying hen very fat; but for market a young fowl is rarely if ever too fat.

By confining a flock of chickens to a small enclosure they do not have an opportunity to run off their fat as when permitted to go as far as they please. They soon get accustomed to their small enclosure, and will remain quiet after eating, so what they eat is not wasted by constant exercise. It is true if chickens are to be confined to a small yard they should be faithfully attended to and given all they want or they will not get as fat as when they run at large. They need a great variety of food, given in such quantities as will keep their appetite good. The secret of success in feeding any animal is in giving them just enough to supply their wants, and yet not enough to clog their appetite. While corn may be the principal food, because the cheapest, oats, barley and shorts should be fed freely, the latter in connection with boiled potatoes or other vegetables. A small ration of meat should be given each day, and also some green vegetables, such as cabbage, grass or turnip leaves.

During the last two weeks before killing they should receive about all they will eat of corn and corn meal. While it is important to know just how to feed to the best advantage, it is quite as important to know how best to prepare the chickens for market, and have them look well. More than half the chickens that are sent to market are sold from one to two cents a pound less because they have been improperly dressed. Many, to save time, dip them into boiling water, and thus greatly injure the looks of the flesh by blistering it. Those who best understand how to dress a chicken manage to get the feathers off in a very short time after the fowl is killed. By so doing they do it much easier than if not done until the fowl begins to cool. —Massachusetts Ploughman.

Bonanza Farming.

The story of the Dalrymple farms has been told too often to bear repetition. Mr. Dalrymple cultivates, for several owners, about 27,000 acres, the farm altogether containing 75,000 acres. He conducts his agricultural operations on business methods. Over each 6,000 acres is a superintendent, who has a book-keeper. There is a headquarter building and a storehouse for the employees of the farms. Each 6,000-acre division is made up of three farms of 2,000 acres each, and a foreman is placed in charge of the enclosure and of its complete set of necessary farm buildings. The great business is managed on a wholesale principle. The stores for feeding and clothing the laborers are purchased in large quantities, and sold to the customers at retail. Every advantage is taken of the markets, every favorable or unfavorable turn in the financial world is watched by the intelligent men, who are not diverted from their business of raising the largest possible crops at the smallest possible cost, and selling them for the largest profit. It is estimated that the Dalrymple farms make one dollar more profit per acre than the ordinary wheat growers by reason of the advantages derived from their larger transactions in buying and selling, and the greater attention they are enabled to pay to the commercial side of their business. On the Dalrymple farms, it is stated that the cost of raising the wheat and delivering it at the railroad is about thirty-five cents a bushel; that the net profit is never less than forty cents; that the average yield is twenty bushels to the acre, so that the net profit on an acre of land is eight dollars, and on the 27,000 acres \$216,000.

There is no thorough cultivation in the Red River country. In opening the prairie the soil is broken to a depth of three inches, afterwards the soil is "back-set," and, finally, the ground is cross-ploughed. On this scratched surface the wheat is raised year after year. The oldest land of the Dalrymple farms has been cultivated for eight years, and as yet there has been no summer fallowing. Signals of distress must have been flung out, however, for it is expected that a rest must soon be given to the generous but weary soil. The question is: Can a small farmer, working his own land and raising wheat exclusively after the fashion of the country, make a large profit? He must buy everything, it must be recollected, and transport it to his home. Food for his stock and for himself, all the machinery and all his household goods must be paid for at high prices. If he has a three hundred and twenty-acre farm and raises twenty bushels to the acre, and makes the Dalrymple profit, less the one dollar which must be deducted for lack of business capacity or the lack of opportunity to make the most of it, he will make two thousand two hundred and forty dollars a year. But twenty bushels is not the average crop. In 1879, the census year, the wheat crop was, unusually large, and the average product of the whole country was sixteen bushels to the acre. Dakota produced about eleven bushels to the acre in this year, and in 1882 the average yield was fifteen and nine-tenths bushels. Given sixteen bushels to the acre, and the profit, still taking the Dalrymple figures and deducting the one dollar, and the farmer of three hundred and twenty acres will make a profit of about one thousand seven hundred dollars. If he has homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres, and bought the other one hundred and eighty acres at, say, three dollars an acre (four hundred and eighty dollars), his profit will represent a very large interest in his investment. But it must be borne in mind that a very large interest is essential in so precarious a business as the raising of a special crop. A late, wet spring, or a summer without showers, may make the wheat crop almost worthless, and in Dakota there is no other cereal grown to that extent that the farmers can fall back on it in a year that has been disastrous to their wheat. There must certainly come a time when this exclusive growing of wheat must give away to diversified farming. The soil of the Red River Valley is alluvial, and is blackened by the decayed vegetable matter which enters very largely into composition. Of course the fruitfulness of these lands will be exhausted in time, and the enormous wheat fields will be succeeded by smaller enclosures, devoted to a rotation of crops. —Cor. Boston Herald.

The Rattlesnake Industry.

For many years different persons living in the mountains of Sullivan and Ulster Counties have made very snug sums every year in the sale of rattlesnake oil, which is believed to possess wonderful curative powers by a large proportion of the inhabitants of not only those, but of adjoining counties. Many snakes are killed during the summer season, but the grand gathering of the crop is in the fall, when they have returned to their dens and wintering places. These retreats are well known to the snake hunters, and they choose sunny days in October and November for raiding them. On such days the reptiles crawl out of their dens in the rocks and huddle together by the score, different varieties frequently being found massed together. The snakes are dull and sluggish at that time of the year and come out to bask in the sun. The hunters arm themselves with the old-fashioned flails, and when they come upon a pile of the snakes proceed at once to thresh the life out of them. But few escape. The rattlesnakes are assorted from the other species and carried home, where the oil is tried out as lard is from pork. No treatment of the oil is necessary. It is bottled up and is ready for the market. As high as one dollar an ounce has been paid for it by believers in its value as a liniment for rheumatism and all kindred ills. The snake hunters of the Shawangunk mountains receive many orders from the showmen for live rattlesnakes, for which they receive from fifty cents to two dollars each, according to size and condition; but during the past summer an industry in snakes sprung up which is entirely new and novel and bids fair to become the most profitable of any of the branches of the trade, for it has its foundation in a new fashion in female adornment. This industry is the supplying of rattle-

snake skins for ladies' belts. Almost every village in Sullivan and Ulster counties is a summer resort for city people, and hundreds of New York ladies spend the heated term there. One day last summer the wife of a well-known chemist of New York, who was stopping in Sullivan County, attended a picnic, and while walking with another lady in the woods, was confronted by an enormous rattlesnake, which lay directly in front of her in the mountain path. The lady who was with her screamed and ran away, but the chemist's wife picked up a cudgel and killed the snake. She brought it to the picnic ground. It was four feet in length, and had a splendid set of fourteen rattles. The markings of a rattlesnake are very beautiful, but the skin of this one was particularly perfect and brilliant in color. The chemist's wife caused a shudder of horror to run through the assemblage of her fair companions by saying that if she could by any means have the snake's skin prepared she would wear it as a girdle. She consulted her husband, and he consented to experiment with the skin. It was removed from the snake the next day and stretched on a board. The chemist treated it with some preparation of arsenic and sweet oil. The preparation was applied daily, and in a few days the skin was cured with all its freshness, brilliance, and pliability preserved. The rattles and head were left on the skin. The husband took it to New York, where it was fitted with a handsome silver clasp and his wife appeared among the other guests with a girdle that \$250 would not induce her to part with. That set the fashion, and there was at once a big demand for rattlesnake skins among the ladies, not only in that particular place, but at scores of other places, for the news of Mrs. —'s girdle spread rapidly from one resort to another. Dainty damsels, who a week before would have fainted almost at the mention of rattlesnakes, suddenly became deeply interested in the beauty and dimensions of the deadly reptile, and lost no time in having its many hued epidermis encircle their slender waists. Rattlesnakes quickly went up in the market, until it was a very modest mountaineer indeed who hadn't the heart to ask five dollars for a skin with perfect rattles, a sound head, and clear spots. —Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

The Argentine Republic.

Within the last score of years the Argentine Confederation has taken the front seat among the South American Republics, and of late begins to challenge the respect and confidence of mankind. The States (fourteen in number) composing this Republic were nearly all colonized either from Spain or Portugal a century before Plymouth Rock was heard of. Buenos Ayres is more than four hundred and fifty years older than Philadelphia. But from the planting of the colonies to the end of the Paraguayan war, a few years ago, they were periodically rent and torn, pillaged and plundered by the Gauchos, so that enduring Governments, save by the hard hand of dictators like Rosas, Dr. Francia, Lopez, and outlaws like Quiroga, were impossible. There is hardly a town from the mouth of La Plata to the Andes, and from the Patagonian line to Brazil that has not been many times sacked. All that seems to be now at an end. The influence of Buenos Ayres civilization stretches from that city to Mendoza, and is felt all over the one million, two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory which the Republic embraces. Its natural advantages bear a very striking resemblance to those of the United States. Its climate is tropical in parts, semi-tropical in other parts, and moderately cool elsewhere. Its rivers are on a scale of grandeur equal to the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio, and about as far back from its sea frontage as our Rocky Mountains are from Atlantic ports, the majestic Andes from its western boundary, an impassable line of military defense in that quarter and a perpetual regulator of temperature in the valleys and pampas. The soil and productions are like ours. Wheat, corn, and all the cereals and most of the temperate zone and tropical fruits grow in some parts of the country. And since 1870 the increase of population, like ours, has been much assisted by immigration from the vital races of Europe. For the six years from 1871 to 1876 this immigration has reached 275,000, and for the six years ended 1882 the estimate is 350,000—a total of 625,000 in twelve years. The population in 1882 was just about equal to that of the thirteen American colonies one century ago. But the resources of the country are immeasurably greater than ours then were. It has 60,000,000 sheep, 14,000,000 cattle, 8,800,000 horses, a capital city of 300,000 people, whose exports are valued at over \$55,000,000 a year, with corresponding imports—both rapidly increasing. It has nearly 1,800 miles of railway and 5,000 of telegraph in operation and many new lines in course of construction. It has an admirable system of public schools, supported by taxation. And, though the national debt is comparatively great, the interest absorbing half the revenues, still the receipts, which in 1880 aggregated \$18,700,000, were considerably more than the expenditures, interest included. The Argentines have but a standing army of 7,500. Like the United States, they trust the defense of the country to an enrolled militia, which in 1881 numbered 300,000.

Now here is the South American Republic of the future in embryo. With a sensible constitution, a Congress of two Houses like ours, a President salaried at \$20,000 a year, Vice-President \$10,000, Cabinet Ministers \$9,000 each, free schools, free religious worship, every port open to immigration, which is flowing in at the rate of fifty thousand a year, lands at the lowest prices, sufficient in extent for a population of 100,000,000, and resources in cattle, sheep, horses, wool, wheat, corn and fruit on the grandest scale, the Argentine Republic bids fair in time to reach as high a figure among the nations of the earth as the United States touches now; and when that time comes, the great Republic of the North and the great Republic of the South, with an equally great one in the far-off South Seas, ought to exercise together a controlling influence in the politics of the whole world. —San Francisco Chronicle.

British Mail Bags.

Forty letters were written last year in England for each man, woman, and child therein, thirty in Scotland, sixteen in Ireland, and thirty-six in Great Britain taken as a whole, against twenty-one in the United States, which comes next in the list of nations as a letter writer. But the English post-office was not only not dismayed at the contents of paper and oceans of ink represented by the 1,500,000,000 of letters delivered, but undertook, besides, so much of other varied business as to merit the title of the Governmental ragbag, where all odds and ends were indiscriminately thrown. It not only sent and still sends your letters, your papers, your telegrams, and your money, but will save the latter for you if you are so fortunate as to have any; or will sell you an annuity, if you wish to provide thus against old age, or will invest your money for you in Government bonds. When you wish to do any of these things, the post-office is most pleasant and respectful; it is your servant. But it has, alas another aspect, grim and surly, where it is your master. It is a tax collector without rebate in the past or deduction in the future, and relentlessly mulcts one in certain sums for certain things. For instance, the mild and wholesome "home brew'd," which was wont in the past to wet the whistle of the thirsty pedestrian, can no longer be connected under one's own vine without first paying a yearly license of a dollar or two to the post-office; and the brewer, too, who makes hogsheads where the cottager or publican makes pints, must also contribute.

Man's four-footed friend, be he of high or low degree, is also ignominiously made the subject of license, and the owner of every dog must pay into the post-office a yearly offering of \$1.50. But, think you, in case of non-payment your faithful friend is snatched away from you by a barbarian with a net or lasso? No, indeed! Your dog is left and you are the one imprisoned, and in prison you stay till you pay the license and such additional fine as the Magistrate may direct. It is needless to say that English streets are not disfigured by itinerant dog prisons, filled with suffering animals, which, of all the four-footed beings, deserve at the hand of man the most gentleness and consideration. I will say this for English law, that in this arresting the master, who is responsible, and ignoring the dog, who is blameless, it is more just and civilized than ours.

The post-office yearly demands of you \$3.50 for each male servant in your employ and \$10 for each carriage you may be so fortunate as to own, and should you be so unhappy as to belong to an "effete aristocracy" and have a coat of arms, you may pay \$10 more and paint your crest on the panels of your coach. It is not necessary, though, to be lawfully entitled to a coat armor in order to emblazon it on your equipage. Pay the tax and no questions are asked. And this reminds me of a story, for the truth of which I can vouch.

A certain Bristol doctor, having arrived at the dignity of a brougham, ordered such an equipage at the shop of a local manufacturer. When it was near completion, says the maker: "Well, doctor, shall we put your arms on the carriage?" "O, to be sure," was the answer. "Then send us a sketch of what they are," returned the maker, "and we will put them on." "Ah! but their selection I would prefer to leave entirely to you," said Esculap. The maker, concealing his astonishment and amusement, politely requested his customer's attention to a heraldic book in his office, asking him to select for himself. The doctor's eye was so struck with the different plates that he demanded that each should be reproduced on his brougham. The heraldic painter of the establishment subsequently flattered refused to prostitute his art by painting two coats of arms on one carriage, and combined the two escutcheons into one, so that the happy doctor now lolls in his carriage in blissful knowledge that the admiring world can see upon his carriage door the arms of the Ducal House of Beaufort quartered upon those of the ancient Berkeley family.

Fire arms as well as coats of arms must pay their tribute to the post-office, and every shot-gun in the kingdom represents two dollars and fifty cents a year to the Government, and not only must the hunter pay for his gun, but also for his game and his gamekeeper, for each of which he must take out a yearly license.

The post-office did not arrive at its present efficiency at a bound. It sprang not "full armed" from the brain of genius, but attained its splendid development through generations of slow progress. Letters originally were sent by private messengers, afterward by "common carriers," who began about the year 1600 to traverse the country with their pack horses. Sometime before this, however, traveling "by post," that is, with relays of horses, came into being, and sometimes letters were thus sent, as is proved by the writing, "Haste, post, haste," found on the backs of letters written about the sixteenth century. "Post haste" we now use as a synonym for great rapidity, but it may well be questioned if we should be satisfied in this age of steam and electricity with the speed of the post when the expression originated, which was about three miles an hour. —Bristol (Eng.) Cor. National Republican.

Charles Green, of West Virginia, supposed he loved Ella Foster, and, as the parents objected, he got two friends to steal her out of the house one night, and secure a preacher. When everything was ready, Charles remarked that he guessed he wouldn't marry for a month or so. Then the two friends, disgusted with Charles, covered him with their revolvers. The marriage took place. —St. Louis Post.

The Indians in Nevada on first seeing the first transcontinental telegraph line called this wonder by the queer name of "We-ente-mo-ke-te-pope," which means "wire-rope express." —Chicago Times.

Barbed wire fencing has fallen ten per cent. in price within the last three months. Cows have got to they use it for a hair brush. —Detroit Post.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Senator Sharon, it is said, pays one per cent. of all the taxes collected in San Francisco.

—Sam Bo, the son of a wealthy Chinaman of San Francisco, has disowned the boy who, as student of the Chicago university, has become a Christian. —Chicago News.

—A remarkable instance occurs in the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Weeks of Portland, Me. Her birth, marriage and death occurred alike on the 21st day of the month. —Boston Post.

—General Washington and General Sherman, by a curious historical coincidence, issued their farewell orders to the army on the same day a century apart—November 1, 1783-1883.

—Mitchell Putnam, one hundred and three years of age, traveled alone from Texas to South Carolina to see his former home. He was a soldier in the war of 1812 and in the Texan struggle.

—Warren County, Georgia, boasts of a resident who participated in seventeen battles for the lost cause, was wounded several times, has been struck by lightning three times, lay insensible from one shock three days, is now not more than forty years of age, and is as healthy as any man, and weighs over two hundred pounds. —Chicago Times.

—A Washington correspondent writes that in one of the departments at Washington a needy female descendant of George Washington's relatives was appointed not long ago. In the War Department is a grandniece of Kosciuszko. In the Interior Department is employed a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson. Her little salary supports her aged and invalid mother, who is the last surviving grandchild of Jefferson. —N. Y. Sun.

—Rev. Dr. E. L. Magoon, of Philadelphia, who has already distinguished himself by his gifts of works of art to various institutions, recently celebrated his seventy-third birthday by giving to the Women's School of Design in Philadelphia twenty-two choice copies of old masters, especially imported by himself. They comprise copies of works by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, Titian and Andrea del Sarto. —Philadelphia Press.

—Samuel Budd Riley, believed to be the last descendant left in New Jersey of the ancient Delaware Indians, who once occupied the State, died at Hamilton Square, a small village near Trenton, recently. He was seventy-one years of age, and was nearly a pure-blooded Indian. He was born and raised near Crookstown. Many years ago most of the descendants of the Delaware were removed to a reservation in New York, and the race is now practically extinct. —Newark Register.

—Rev. Dr. J. W. Scott, of Washington, D. C., recently visited his daughter, Mrs. General Harrison, at Indianapolis, and stopped for a few days in Ohio. For forty years Dr. Scott was prominently identified with educational institutions in the West, and no living man has a more loving constituency than he has, scattered broadcast over the land. He was a Professor in Miami University, one of the Founders of Farmers' College, and the organizer of two successful female seminaries, and in every place was loved and honored. He is now in his eighty-fourth year, as full of life and energy as many men of fifty, and takes a full interest in all questions to make the world wiser and better and happier. —Chicago Tribune.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—You'll have to take the will for the deed," is what the heir said to the lawyer when the latter presented his bill.

—After December the yard-stick will be used no longer in measuring goods. Thirty-six inches is thought to be long enough. —N. Y. Independent.

—A sick friend writes to us to ascertain the shortest road to health. There are two paths—allopaths and homeopaths; you take your choice and pay your money. —Boston Courier.

—A Yankee has invented a new process for lasting boots and shoes. If he can last a ten-year-old boy's shoes so that they will last two weeks without requiring half-soles, he should open a branch office in this town. —Norristown Herald.

—It is said that a baby can wear out a one dollar pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours. This is pretty fast work, but a Brooklyn baby can do much better. It can wear out the patience of an average man in about seven minutes. —N. Y. Mail.

—"Never mind, my young kid, I'm going up to see your mother about this." "That's all right," yelled back the small boy; you just go right along up there. Pa filled a man full of buckshot the other day for going to see my ma. —Texas Siftings.

—A course of lectures on the arch-nemesis, the entomarchetype, the ontharmachetype, and so forth, opens in Boston this week. Persons are requested to purchase their tickets in advance and avoid the rush at the door. —Rockland Courier-Gazette.

—A Chicago young man in a rash moment, says an exchange, told his girl that if she would hang up her stocking on Hallow E'en he would fill it to the brim with something nice. When he saw her stocking he was undecided whether to get into it himself or buy her a sewing machine. —N. Y. Graphic.

—A Georgia farmer bought a grand piano for his daughter. His house is small, and, to economize room, the lower part of the partition between the kitchen and the parlor was cut out, and the long end of the piano stuck through. Priscilla now sits at the keyboard, singing, "Who will care for mother now?" and the mother rolls out doughnuts on the other end of the piano in the kitchen. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

—"Oh, yes," said the eldest Miss Culture at table d'hôte, the other evening, "I breakfasted yesterday with Mrs. Brainwait and we enjoyed a delicious repast—excellent coffee, superior bread, and piscatorial globes done admirably." "What?" asked her friend. "Piscatorial globes," repeated the Boston miss. "And what under the sun are they?" "I believe," said Miss Culture, drawing herself up stiffly, "I believe uncultured people call them fish balls." —Hotel Mail.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
BRUCE CHAMP, EDITOR.
BOURBON NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

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One year in advance, - - \$2.00
Six months in advance, - - 1.00

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

FOR PRESIDENT,

That overgrown King of every Democratic heart.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in Humiliation.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed Judge Hargis—subject to the action of the Democracy of the First Appellate District.

New York Letter.

New York, Dec. 3, 1883.

Editor News:—A Kentuckian would be eminently unpatriotic were he not enthralled over the result of the Democratic caucus at Washington on last evening. The news is especially pleasant to a Kentuckian away from home.

It is interesting to stand in the corridors of the hotels and hear the great and small politicians discussing the result. Every corner is crowded, and the Speaker's office is as it has been for a week, the sole topic of conversation. The friends of free trade and the masses shake hands in their joy, while the "heelers" of protected monopoly find sweet consolation in the possibilities of the future. The two principle issues of the party have not, however, been especially prominent influencing the sway of popular opinion in New York City. Mr. Cox is a great favorite here, and the people, that portion at least, which it is possible to excite over a political contest, were especially enthusiastic over his candidacy. It was only when intelligent belief was thoroughly positive of the impossibility of his election that dissension gradually trickled down and cut it's way between Democrats, leaving two widely distinct lines in which unity is unthought of and unreasonable. "It is a glorious victory, the vindication of a principle," excitedly exclaims a distinguished, but now retired politician, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. And the old gentleman is not far wrong. It is indeed the vindication of a principle. "Don't congratulate me," says Carlisle. "This fight was made upon a principle. Be glad because the principle has prevailed."

And so the talk continues and will continue for a week to come. One exercises his tongue to air his delicate intellect, while another backs his remarks by reason and common sense. Out of it all a spectator, however distinguished, is compelled to formulate some ideas and perhaps cast a momentary horoscope over the "may bes" of the future. It is refreshing to know that in the Forty-eighth Congress there will be one hundred and four Democrats with the courage to substantiate their convictions against whatever odds. It is as repulsive that in the same Congress will be found a number of so-called Democrats, advocating the essential idea of Republicanism and monopoly. And what does all this mean? That the modern distinction between Republicanism and Democracy, as they exist in the United States to-day, is one gradually approaching degree and leaving that of kind. Not that the parties are without distinct beds in which to fold but that minor arms have cut their way through the solid banks of the main streams and are hopelessly entangled in the intervening space. The great questions which brought one party into being and to maintain the opposition kept the other alive, have been settled and forgotten. The consequential issues—Free trade and Protection, which should divide them to-day, are equally maintained and denied by each. Mr. Carlisle's election then, squarely on the issue of Free Trade, is intensely significant in more ways than one.

The immediate future of the Democratic party depends on the policy of the Forty-eighth Congress. That a Free-trader has been chosen as its presiding officer leaves no cause for fear that the policy will be a poor one. True a majority of the members of the present Congress are high Protectionists, and this makes successful legislation in favor of any substantial revenue reform almost impossible, still the election of a Free-trader to the administration of the second office under the government is an indicative omen and should be a source of pride to every friend of independent, Democratic government. The two-sided mask which has so long concealed the ennobling qualities within, is cast aside in the interests of free thought and action. It is best that Democracy remain forever a minority than win its victories in the guise of Republicanism. As the Times of to-day expresses it: "The nomination of Mr. Carlisle, in itself, shows a public opinion through out wide sections of the country strong enough to overcome completely the tactics of mere politicians and to defy the influences exerted by the most highly protected industries." C. M. T.

The Mt. Sterling Sentinel and Democrat have been hypnotized, and will be run as a daily and weekly, on January 1st as the Sentinel-Democrat. This thing of hypnotizing names is getting to be a national nuisance—the idea being to convey to an innocent public by the hypnotized headlines at each issue, that one giant monopoly has swallowed a smaller one. It may make the monopolist feel good to view the conglomeration, but it is death to the poor citizens and printers.

This is a good year for thanksgiving in Kentucky. Ben Butler is under the daises in Massachusetts, Mabone has the death-rattle in Virginia, Carlisle seems to have the lead for the Speakership, Tom Henry has gone to Morgan county to keep drunk, and rabbits are only ten cents apiece. Let us rejoice and give thanks.—[Louisville Commercial.]

JOE BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, was one of the first to enter Carlisle's room after the victory, and congratulated the man for whom he had done yeoman service. His face was flushed with pleasure.

Scientific Miscellany.

The Paris Society of Agriculture and Insectology, whose exhibition of preserved insect specimens has just closed, proposes establishing a menagerie of living insects, and the city of Paris has contributed a considerable sum in aid of the project.

Alcohol has been found by Mons. Muntz to be very widely diffused in nature. It exists in nearly all water, including rain and snow, and it is probable that the air contains much of it in the state of vapor. Poor soil yields traces of it, and rich mould has a considerable quantity.

A method of adulterating milk by adding to it a solution of commercial glucose has been exposed by Mons. Krehel in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences. As the solution has the density of good milk, the adulteration is not detected by the ordinary testing instruments.

The now famous fossil footprints found last year at Carson, Nevada, and supposed to have been made by prehistoric human giants, are regarded by Prof. O. C. Marsh as probable tracks of a large sloth. It is stated, however, that Dr. Harkness still insists that the impressions were left by a species of man, and that he finds his theory strengthened by fresh discoveries of tracks.

Late observations made at Lausanne, Switzerland, have shown that an intimate connection exists between the electrical condition of the atmosphere and the weather, and it is thought that an intelligent use of registering electrometers may enable meteorologists to forecast the weather several days in advance. The electric tension of the air is strong during fine weather, but it's rapid weakening indicates the approach of a storm.

Prof. Edward Hall considers that throughout the early geological epochs known as Archæan, Silurian and Carboniferous, the sea covered North America, the British Isles and Western Europe, while a large part of the North Atlantic area existed as dry land. He urges that if his conclusions prove to be well grounded the doctrine of the permanency of oceans and continents, as tested by the case of the North Atlantic, must be discarded.

Lieut. Diek, of the Russian army, has discovered a new illuminating powder, which has attracted the favorable attention of the German Government. It causes any objects to which it may be applied to become luminous, and water in a glass vessel may be converted into an illuminating fluid by the addition of some of the powder. The new illuminant consumes no oxygen, which fact makes it desirable for use in mining operations. It's illuminating power lasts eight hours, when a new supply of powder becomes necessary.

A Vienna scientist has perfected a remarkable modification of the microscope, to which the name of gastroscope has been given. It is used for looking into the interior of the human stomach. It consists of a tube about 26 inches long and half an inch thick, bent at an angle of 150 degrees at about one fourth of its length from the lower end. At its lower extremity is an incandescent electric lamp for lighting up the stomach, and a microscope objective. Prisms are arranged to reflect the image-bearing pencil of light along the tube and past the bend to the eye-piece. Provision is made for a circulation of water about the lamp to prevent inconvenient heating.

MILLERSBURG.

The Shamrock troupe is doing our town.

Mrs. Mac Miller is visiting Miss Garner, in Winchester.

Ned O'Connor sold a house and lot here to Jim Carr, col'd, for \$400.

Jim Rogers is only out \$1.50 on the last change of the peanut stand.

Mrs. Joe Hanley is in from Titusville, Pa., to visit her old home until after the holidays.

The finder of a diamond-set breast-pin will return same to Mac Miller, and receive reward.

Mrs. Mary Boudreaux has returned from Cincinnati, where she had an operation performed on her eyes for cataract.

Master Commissioner R. H. Hanson sold on Tuesday, a house and lot belonging to Martin Lewis, to Levy Trotter, for \$160.

Anton Ambs, the barber and confectioner, has sold out his peanut and pie stand to Jim Rogers, and skipped by the light of the moon to Florida.

There's no place in town for holding the annual Christmas tree this year, on account of Bryan's Hall being engaged, and the merchants are perplexed thereat.

When Ambs was on the skip, Will Victor presented his bill, but Ambs referred him to Rogers for settlement, but Victor used his persuader and made him disgorge.

The Young Men's Christian Association took up a collection at their last meeting at the Hooktown school house Sunday, and got nothing but persimmons and black hawes.

The marriage of Will Victor to Miss Lillian, daughter of James Cromwell, of Cynthia, took place at Cincinnati, this week. He rather slipped up on the knowing ones of the Hen Convention.

Marshall Ballenger arrested a Mason county man and took him from the train Tuesday morning, for a horse thief, when really the man was the one from whom the horse had been stolen. He was going to get off at this place anyhow, so no damage was sustained.

BREX WOLFE.

HENRY J. SCHWARTZ.

JOHN SCHWARTZ.

H. J. SCHWARTZ & BRO.

WILL MOVE SATURDAY, TO THEIR

ELEGANT NEW STAND,

formerly Hill's Marble Works, where they have fitted up the handsomest

SALOON AND BILLIARD ROOM

in the city. They will keep the finest liquors, cigars and tobaccos at retail, and from their large beer cellar will be ready to supply both city and country trade in the best beer at city prices.

GO TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF OLD

SANTA CLAUS

— AT —

Jo. Z. CROXTON'S

— FOR —

Christmas Goods, Toys, Fire-Works, &c., &c.

He has a car-load of everything pertaining to the Holiday trade, and keeps a line of goods not found elsewhere in the State. Call early and pick from the top of the lot.

FRESH OYSTERS!

I am receiving direct from Baltimore FRESH OYSTERS from the old reliable house of E. B. Mallory & Co. Housekeepers can depend upon getting the very best oysters and perfectly fresh.

W. W. GILL.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

DESIRING TO MOVE SOUTH FOR THE benefit of my health, I will offer at private sale, my

UNDERTAKING BUSINESS

In Millersburg, and a comfortable frame residence on Main street. The undertaking business consists of a good hearse and a well assorted stock of goods, and has a well-established trade. The residence is very pleasantly located in the center of the town, and is altogether a very desirable piece of property. Call on or address me at once.

JOHN MOCK,

Millersburg, Ky.

PATENTS

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NOTICE TO Creditors and Debtors

Creditors of the estate of Mrs. Martha Penn, will please present their accounts properly authenticated, to Russell Mann, Paris, Ky., for payment. All persons indebted to the same, will please call on me and settle. JOHN W. HUTSELL, Adm'r.

Farm at Private Sale.

THE JAMES H. THOMPSON FARM, situated 2 1/2 miles north of this place, on the road leading to Headquarters, in Nicholas county, and containing

800 ACRES,

may be bought privately at any time between this and the 25th day of this month, but if not disposed of by that date, it will then be advertised for public sale.

The farm lies on it a large and substantial two-story stone dwelling; a new barn capable of containing fifteen acres of tobacco, and other usual outbuildings; abundance of unfencing water; ample supply of fine timber, and a large orchard bearing select fruit. The land is first quality, red soil, and nearly all of it excellent tobacco land. It will be sold in one or more tracts, if desired.

All claims against Mr. Thompson must be presented to the undersigned, legally attested, by the 20th of this month. Apply to or address A. G. STITT, Assignee.

MILLERSBURG, KY., Dec. 1, 1883.

OUR CLUBBING RATES

THE BOURBON NEWS clubs with the Detroit Free Press for \$3; with the Texas Sittings for \$3.50; and with the Weekly Courier-Journal for \$3. The News in addition gives a premium book worth a dollar, and the paper free from now until January 1st, 1884. Terms, invariably cash in advance.

FOR SALE!

MY farm at Little Rock, containing about 180 ACRES. New brick house. New tobacco barn. All in grass for ten years, except 8 acres of good tobacco land. Price, \$12,000. [28 Oct-2m] J. M. THOMAS.

NEW BUSINESS.

Tom Holliday & Bro., having their headquarters at Laughlin's butcher shop, keep constantly on hand a supply of Oysters, Fish, Game, Butter, Eggs, Shaker Preserves, Apple, Peach and Quince Butter, which they will sell at the lowest prices. All goods delivered when ordered.

JACKS FOR SALE.

I HAVE for sale five splendid Black Jacks, high. They are of the best breeding, descending from Napoleon, Buena Vista and Imp. Mammoth. Two of them took the blue and red ribbons at the Paris Fair. Any one wishing to buy will please call and see them at J. MCNEE LEE'S, Paris, Ky.

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING on my customers to write an advertisement for his sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly say that I have just returned from New York, and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN. All that I can say now, is to COME—yes, come NOW and lose no time yourself in securing pick and choice from my large and varied selection of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,
PARIS, KY.

AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest bargain of your life, call and examine our goods and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME AND SEE US.

McCLURE & INGELS.

THIS WEEK

We desire to state to the public that we keep in stock a full supply of the celebrated "ALLIGATOR" coal and wood cook stoves. The Alligator has held a prominent place in this market for more than twenty years and can be found in use in every section of the county. We are ready to offer a premium for a single instance where it has not given the very best satisfaction. We are now receiving a complete stock of all kinds of heating stoves for parlors, stores and halls, including the best base burner for hard and soft coal made. We also keep in stock a good clean supply of all goods usually found in a first-class Store and Tin Store, among which may be found the celebrated PURIFYING PUMP, and the equally celebrated MONITOR COAL OIL STOVES, &c., &c.

For executing first-class job work in Tin, Copper and Sheet iron, we flatter ourselves that we need no further mention.

Please call and examine our stock, and you will verify our statements.

MILLIGAN & PERRY.

"THE BOURBON NEWS" OFFICE

Is prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing, such as Bill-heads, Letter heads, Envelopes, Business Cards, Programmes, Circulars, Posters, and, in fact, everything in the printing line. Work done with neatness and dispatch.

JAMES K. DAVIS.

GARRETT DAVIS

DAVIS & DAVIS, MERCHANT TAILORS.

(TWO DOORS ABOVE THE POST-OFFICE.)

Are now making the most stylish
SUITS AND OVERCOATS
ever made in this city, at the most REASONABLE RATES.

DON'T YOU FORGET IT

J. L. TAYLOR & CO.

KEEPS THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS and VALISES in Paris, and sell them for less money.

BOURBON NEWS---Supplement.

RESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

READ TO CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

A Number of Interesting Topics Discussed and Suggested—Finances, Government Telegraph, Civil Service, Etc.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—President Arthur's annual message was duly laid before Congress. The President, at the outset, congratulates Congress upon the favorable aspect of the domestic and foreign affairs of the Government. Our relations with other countries continue upon a friendly footing. Notice of the termination of the fisheries article of the Treaty of Washington has been given to the British Government, and that the reciprocal privileges and exemptions of the treaty will cease on January 1, 1885. He, therefore, suggests that Congress create a commission to consider the general question of our rights in the fisheries, and the means of opening to our citizens under just and enduring conditions, the richly stocked fishing waters of British America. Concerning our relations with Mexico, the President says: "The rapid influx of our capital and enterprise into that vast country shows, by what has already been accomplished, the vast reciprocal advantages which must attend the progress of its internal development. The treaty of commerce and navigation of 1848 has been terminated by the Mexican Government, and, in the absence of conventional engagements, the rights of our citizens in Mexico now depend upon the domestic statutes of that Republic. There have been instances of harsh enforcement of laws against our vessels and citizens in Mexico, and of denial of the diplomatic applications for their protection. The initial step toward a better understanding has been taken in the negotiation by the Commission authorized by Congress of a treaty which is still before the Senate, awaiting its approval. The provisions for the reciprocal crossing of the frontier by the troops in pursuit of hostile Indians have been prolonged for another year. The operations of the forces of both Governments against these savages, have been successful, and several of their most dangerous bands have been captured or dispersed by the skill and valor of the United States and Mexican soldiers, fighting in a common cause."

CHILI AND PERU.

The Chili-Peruvian affairs are dismissed with the following paragraph: "The contest between Bolivia, Chili, and Peru has passed from the stage of strategic hostilities to that of negotiation, in which the counsels of this Government have been exercised. The demands of Chili for absolute cession of territory have been maintained and accepted by the party of General Iglesias, to the extent of concluding a treaty of peace with the Government of Chili in general conformity with the terms of the protocol signed in May last between the Chilean commander and general Iglesias. As a result of the conclusion of the treaty, General Iglesias has been formally recognized by Chili as President of Peru and his government installed at Lima, which has been evacuated by the Chileans. A call has been issued by General Iglesias for a representative assembly, to be elected on the 19th of January, and to meet at Lima on the 1st of March next. Meanwhile, the Provisional Government of General Iglesias has applied for recognition to the principal powers of America and Europe. When the will of the Peruvian people shall be manifested, I shall not hesitate to recognize the government approved by them."

INTERNATIONAL SOCIABILITY.

In view of the frequency of invitations from foreign governments to participate in social and scientific congresses for the discussion of important matters of general concern, the President repeats the suggestion of his last message, that provision be made for the exercise of discretionary power by the executive in appointing delegations to such convocations. Able specialists are ready to serve the national interest in such capacity without personal profit, defrayment of expenses actually incurred, and this, a comparatively small annual appropriation would be sufficient to meet.

FINANCIAL MATTERS.

The President quotes from the exhibit of the financial condition of the country given in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, showing the receipts and expenditures, actual and estimated, for the current fiscal year, and then discusses financial subjects as follows: Total receipts, actual and estimated, \$343,000,000. Total expenditures, actual and estimated, \$258,000,000; surplus, \$185,000,000. Estimated amount due the sinking fund, \$45,816,741.07, leaving a balance of \$39,183,258.93. If the revenue for the fiscal year, which will end on June 30, 1885, be estimated upon the basis of existing laws, the Secretary is of the opinion that for that year the receipts will exceed, by sixty million dollars, the ordinary expenditures, including the amount devoted to the sinking fund. Hitherto the surplus, as rapidly as it has accumulated, has been devoted to the reduction of the national debt. As a result, the only bonds now outstanding which are redeemable at the pleasure of the Government, are three per cents amounting to about \$305,000,000; the four and one-half per cent amounting to \$250,000,000, and the \$733,000,000 four per cents are not payable until 1891 and 1907, respectively. The surplus will hereafter be as large as the treasury, as the estimates now indicate the three per cent bonds may all be redeemed at least four years before any of the four and a half per cents can be called in. The latter, at the same rate of accumulation of surplus, can be paid at maturity and the surplus requisite to the redemption of the four per cents will be in the Treasury.

the national indebtedness should not be thus rapidly extinguished. Chief among them is the fact that only by excessive taxation is such rapidity attainable.

REDUCING TAXATION.

In a communication to Congress, at its last session, I recommended that all excise taxes be abolished, except those relating to distilled spirits, and that substantial reductions be also made in the revenue from customs. A statute has since been enacted by which the annual tax and tariff receipts of the Government have been cut down to the extent of at least fifty or sixty millions of dollars. While I have no doubt that still further reductions may be wisely made, I do not advise the adoption, at this session, of any measure for large diminution of the National revenues. The result of the legislation of the last session of Congress have not, as yet, become sufficiently apparent to justify any radical revision or sweeping modifications of existing law. In the interval which must

elapse before the effects of the act of March 3, 1883, can be finally ascertained, a portion, at least, of the surplus revenues may be wisely applied to the long neglected duty of rehabilitating our navy and providing coast defenses for the protection of our harbors. This is a matter to which I shall again advert.

THE CURRENCY.

Immediately associated with the financial subject just discussed is the important question, what legislation is needed regarding the national currency? The aggregate amount of bonds now on deposit in the treasury to support the national bank circulation is about \$50,000,000. Nearly \$200,000,000 million of this amount of three per cent, which, as already stated, are payable at the pleasure of the Government, and are likely to be called in in less than four years, unless, meantime, the surplus revenues shall be diminished. The probable effect of such an extensive retirement of the securities, which are the basis of the National bank circulation, would be such a contraction of the volume of the currency as to produce grave commercial embarrassments. How can this danger be obviated? The most effectual plan, and one whose adoption at the earliest practicable opportunity I shall heartily approve, has already been indicated. If the revenues of the next four years shall be kept substantially commensurate with the expenses, the volume of circulation will not be likely to suffer any material disturbance. But if, on the other hand, there shall be great delay in reducing taxation, it will become necessary either to substitute some other form of currency in place of the national bank notes, or to make important changes in the laws by which their circulation is now controlled. In my judgment the latter course is far preferable. I commend to your attention the very interesting, and thoughtful suggestions upon this subject, which appear in the Secretary's report. The objections which he urges against the acceptance of any other securities than the obligations of the Government itself, as a foundation for national bank circulation, seem to me insurmountable. For averting the threatened contraction two courses have been suggested, either of which is probably feasible. One is, the issuance of new bonds having many years to run, and bearing a low rate of interest, and exchanged upon specified terms for those now outstanding. The other course, which commends itself to my own judgment as the better, is the enactment of the clause repealing the tax on circulation and permitting the banks to issue notes for an amount equal to ninety per cent of the market value, instead, as now, of the face value, of their deposited bonds. I agree with the Secretary in the belief that the adoption of this plan would afford the necessary relief.

PAUPER EMIGRATION.

Question has arisen touching deportation of the United States from the British Islands by Governmental or municipal aid of persons unable there to gain a living, and equally a burden on the community here. Such of these persons as come under the pauper class, as defined by the law, have been sent back in accordance with the provisions of our statutes. Her Majesty's Government has insisted that precautions have been taken before shipment; it has, however, in so many cases proven ineffectual, and especially so in certain recent instances of needy emigrants reaching our territory through Canada, that a revision of our legislation upon this subject may be deemed advisable. Correspondence relative to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty has been continued, and will be laid before Congress.

PROTECTION OF FORESTS.

In my last annual message I called attention to the necessity of protecting, by suitable legislation, the forests situated upon the public domain.

In many portions of the West the pursuit of general agriculture is only made practicable by resort to irrigation, while successful irrigation would be impossible without the aid afforded by forests in contributing to the regularity and constancy of supply of water. During the past year severe suffering and great loss of property have been occasioned by profuse floods, followed by periods of unusually low water in many of the great rivers of the country.

These irregularities were in great measure caused by the removal from about the sources of the streams in question of the timber by which the water supply had been nourished and protected. The preservation of such portion of the forests on the national domain as essentially contribute to the equable flow of important water courses is of the highest consequence.

Important tributaries of the Missouri, the Columbia and the Saskatchewan rise in the mountains of Montana, near the northern boundary of the United States, between the Blackfeet and Flathead Indian reservations. This region is unsuitable for settlement, but upon the rivers which flow from it depend the future agricultural development of a vast tract of country. The attention of Congress is called to the necessity of withdrawing from public sale

this part of the public domain, and establishing there a forest preserve.

THE TRADE DOLLAR.

The trade dollar was coined for the purpose of traffic in countries where silver passed at its actual value, as ascertained by its weight and fineness. It never had a legal tender quality. Large numbers of these coins, however, entered into the volume of our currency. By common consent their circulation in domestic trade has now ceased, and they have thus become a disturbing element. This should not be longer permitted to embarrass our currency system. I, therefore, recommend that provision be made for their reception by the Treasury and the mints, at a small percentage above the current market price of silver of like fineness."

OUR UNPROTECTED COASTS.

The President calls the attention of Congress to the present condition of our extended sea coast, upon which are so many large cities, whose wealth and importance to the country would in time of war invite attack from modern armored ships, against which our existing defensive works could give no adequate protection, and suggests that, if these works are not put in an efficient condition, we may easily be subjected to humiliation by hostile powers greatly inferior to ourselves. Suitable facilities for the manufacture of modern warfare, and the perfection of our sub-marine torpedo defenses are also recommended.

THE STATE MILITIA.

The encouragement of State militia organizations by the National Government, the President believes would be followed by very gratifying results, and would afford, in sudden emergencies, the aid of a large body of volunteers educated in the performance of military duties.

OUR RHEUMATIC NAVY.

The President endeavors to impress upon the attention of Congress the necessity of continued progress in the reconstruction of the Navy. The condition of the Treasury makes the present an auspicious time for putting this branch of the service in a state of efficiency. While it is no part of our policy to create and maintain a Navy able to cope with those of the other great powers of the world, and while we have no wish for foreign conquest, and the peace which we have long enjoyed is in no seeming danger of interruption, still our naval force should be adequate for the defence of our harbors, the protection of our commercial interests, and the maintenance of our national honor.

AT TO GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH.

On the subject of Government telegraph, the President says, that such reflection as he has been able to give to it, since his last annual message, has not led him to change the views then expressed, in dissenting from the recommendation of the then Postmaster General, that the Government assume the same control over the telegraph which it has always exercised over the mail. Admitting that the Government's authority in the premises is as ample as has ever been claimed, it would not, in his judgment, be a wise use of that authority to purchase or assume control of existing lines, or to construct others with a view of entering into general competition with a private enterprise. He dismisses the subject by avowing the belief, however, that the Government should exercise some sort of supervision over inter-State telegraphic communication.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

Referring to the alarming state of illiteracy in certain portions of the country, the President suggests Federal aid to public primary education wherever adequate provision has not already been made.

POLYGAMY.

Concerning the extirpation of polygamy, the President is convinced that the evil has become so strongly entrenched in Utah that it is pointless to attack it with any but the stoutest weapons which constitutional legislation can furnish. He therefore favors the repeal of the act upon which the existing Government depends, the assumption by the National Legislature of the entire political control of the Territory, and the establishment of a commission with such powers and duties as shall be delegated to it by law.

RAILROAD PRIVILEGES.

The President's conclusions on the subject of governmental interference, supervision, of inter-State railroad commerce is described as follows: The right of these railway corporations to a fair and profitable return upon their investments and to reasonable freedom in the regulations must be recognized, but it seems only just, that, as far as its constitutional authority will permit, Congress should protect the people at large in their inter-State traffic against acts of injustice which the state governments are powerless to prevent.

The effect of the new system of civil service the President believes have thus far proved beneficial. Its practical methods appear to be adequate for the ends proposed, and there has been no serious difficulty in carrying them into effect.

In the subject of Presidential succession and the proper interpretation of the constitutional phrase "Inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office," the President expresses the hope that these questions will find speedy solution, lest an emergency arises when longer delay will be impossible, and any determination furnish cause for anxiety and alarm.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS MATTER.

The message closes with the following allusion and suggestion respecting the civil rights of the colored race: "The Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution confers the right of citizenship upon all persons born, or naturalized, in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof. It was the special purpose of this amendment to insure the colored race the full enjoyment of their civil and political rights. Certain statutory provisions, intended to secure the enforcement of those rights, have been recently decided unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Any legislation

whereby Congress may lawfully supplement the guarantees which the Constitution affords for the equal enjoyment by all the citizens of the United States of every right, privilege, and immunity of citizenship will receive my unhesitating approval.

THE HICKMAN MURDER.

ARREST OF A SUSPECTED NEGRO.

The Sentiment in Tennessee Regarding Him—Fears of a Mob—Intense Indignation in the Vicinity of the Crime.

HICKMAN, Ky., Dec. 4.—A negro man, Columbus Clark, has been arrested and is held at Troy, Tenn., charged with the killing of King and his wife. It is rumored that the hatchet used in breaking the trunk has been identified by Dick Harrison, a butcher of Union City, as his, and that this hatchet and some other butchers' tools were missing at the same time and about the time Clark left Harrison's employ. Clark was tried at Troy for the theft of these tools, but the result of the trial is unknown here as yet. Few people here believe Clark guilty of this crime, though he has served one term in the Kentucky prison for cutting with intent to kill. News comes from Obion that Clark is held at Troy in the court-house under strong guard, and fears are entertained there of a Kentucky mob's violence. Few, if any, at Troy believe that Clark did the deed, and are afraid of Kentucky in letting their passions master their judgment. The outcome of the Clark arrest is awaited with feverish impatience by the people here, and the estate of King will offer a reward of \$1,000 for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer. When the murderer is found his rest will be near the scene of the diabolical crime, and will fill the community with horror as great as the offense itself.

TWENTY-FIVE HOUSES ENGULFED.

A Vast Cave-in of Sand Over the St. Nicholas Colliery.

ST. NICHOLAS, Pa., Dec. 4.—The inhabitants of the houses near the St. Nicholas Colliery were startled yesterday evening by an order from the officials of the Reading Company to leave at once as the houses were all undermined and were likely to sink at any moment. All last night the neighborhood was a scene of excitement and alarm. Everybody was bent on getting their household goods out of the rough tenements.

The earth cracked and trembled. A space fell in. Conveyances were brought to carry the goods of 350 people who lived in the vicinity. Slice after slice of earth opened and sank.

To-day the cave-in continued, and the public highway was pronounced unsafe and travel was stopped on it. By noon everything was gotten safely out and the twenty-four tenement houses were left to sink one by one. The houses are owned by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, which has worked the St. Nicholas colliery.

THE DENNY CASE.

General Belief That the Accused Will Be Acquitted.

LANCASTER, Ky., Dec. 4.—The Denny-Anderson trial has been in progress all day. The defense introduced a number of witnesses who testified that Anderson had threatened to kill Denny, and that they had communicated the threats to Denny; also that Anderson was making an effort to draw his pistol when Denny fired the first shot. On this point the prosecution makes its greatest fight. Four witnesses have testified that Anderson was not making any effort toward Denny, while the same number testify that he was drawing his pistol when Denny fired. The prosecution closed its case and S. M. Burdette opened the argument for the defense, and was followed by B. M. Burdette on the same side. John W. Yorkes spoke for the prosecution, when the Court adjourned until ten o'clock to-day, when W. O. Bradley will close for the defense and Robert Harding will close for the prosecution. The case will then be given to the Court. The general opinion is that Denny will be acquitted.

Horrible Wife Murder.

FRANKLINVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 4.—On Saturday, Charles Clark, a young farmer, brutally murdered his wife, mutilating her terribly. Clark is about thirty years old and his wife twenty-four. They had not been living together for some time, and, on Saturday, Mrs. Clark went to her husband's house, which is on her father's farm, to get some articles belonging to her. Clark, who had been drinking hard, found her there. The details of their meeting are unknown, but the woman's appearance indicates that she fought desperately for life, and that the struggle must have lasted an hour. She was shot in the back and head and her throat was cut. Clark escaped. The whole population is out in pursuit of him.

Meeting of Mine Inspectors.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 4.—There was an important meeting of the mine inspectors of the six districts of the bituminous coal regions. The following inspectors were present: First District, J. J. Davis; Second, William Loutitt; Third, Thomas K. Adams; Fifth, August Steiner; Sixth, William G. Watt. Roger Harrison, who represented the Fourth District, was not present, neither were the check weighmen. The general mining laws passed at the present session of the Legislature were considered, and it was resolved to ask the Attorney General for an opinion on them at an early date. There seems to be some dissatisfaction in regard to some of the provisions of the late acts.

Pilot Boat Run Down.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—The steamship Alaska, from Liverpool, ran down a pilot boat about seventy-five miles off Fire Island Monday. The number of lives lost is unknown.

A HORRIBLE CONFESSION.

The New Hampshire Assassin Relates a Sickening Tale.

LACONIA, N. H., Dec. 4.—Thomas Salmon sent for Sheriff Strong and E. P. Jewell, Esq., and made a full confession of the terrible tragedy which so horrified the community a week ago. He stated that Saturday morning Mrs. Ford came to his room and asked for lager. Both had drunk heavily the day before. He refused her. Other words followed, and he threw her on the floor and put his foot on her breast. She never spoke, and soon died. He felt mad and discouraged, but had not thought of killing her. He then went about the house bewildered not knowing what to do with himself. He tried to put her into a box but it was too small. He then took a trunk and cut her knees to get her in. She did not bleed any and he did not wash the axe. He then went down street, returned, and in an hour dragged the trunk down stairs, put it on a wheelbarrow and started off, intending to dispose of the body and drown himself. On the road it occurred to him to go to Ruddy's house, to which he expected to move in a day or two. He had no thought of harming them. On reaching there he left the trunk outside, had some conversation with Mrs. Ruddy, went down town, went back to Ford's, carried some things over to Ruddy's in a pail, and thought he would get up in the morning and bury the trunk somewhere. Then he took the trunk into the house. He ate supper with the Ruddys, then took off his coat and vest and laid down in the room with the trunk, while the Ruddys went to bed in the front room. He could not sleep and grew constantly worse. Couldn't sit down or walk, and didn't know what to do with himself; would go out, come in, and walk around in the house. Ruddy's folks finally got up between twelve and one o'clock. Mrs. Ruddy made him some tea. Ruddy sat up with him. He did not intimate to Ruddy what the trouble was. About three o'clock it occurred to him that he might kill them and then burn the house. That very moment he seized a hatchet and struck Ruddy, killing him instantly. Mrs. Ruddy ran out. He grabbed at her and struck her with the hatchet and she screamed. The child was screaming also. He took it out of bed but did not remember cutting it. [The child was found dead with his head nearly severed from his body.] He chopped open the trunk, turned Mrs. Ford's body out on the floor, pulled the body around, poured on kerosene, set it on fire, and ran into the street. He then went to Ford's but found the door bolted and then started for Plymouth. He did not hear the fire bells and never knew the house was burned until Jewell told him. He had no hard feelings against Mrs. Ford or the Ruddys. The murderer denied making the incision in Mrs. Ford's leg, which appeared to have been made for the purpose of bleeding, and denied throwing the hatchet into the river. He said he put the hatchet where he found it. The news of the confession spread like wildfire and the streets were thronged with people eager for the latest intelligence. Salmon will be speedily arraigned and held for the Supreme Court in March. There are renewed threats of lynching.

An American Steamship Line.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 4.—President Henry D. Welsh, of the American Steamship Company, in speaking of the Line, states that the subject of devising means by which the running of the vessels can be put on a paying basis is now under consideration. "It can positively be stated," continued Mr. Welsh, "that the American Line will not be abandoned. We are simply looking around for some means by which the ships can be made to pay and the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is the principal owner in the Company, has been paying the losses for some years and naturally wants a change."

A Curious Allegation.

ERRA, Pa., Dec. 4.—W. Brown, Superintendent of the County Almshouse, has been arrested, charged with inhumanity to Mrs. Thompson, who was visiting Julia Hill, a dying consumptive girl. Julia Hill had taken a notion to make her own shroud, and begged the lady to purchase the material necessary. Mrs. Thompson did so, and, while showing Julia how to cut out the shroud, she alleges that she was seized by the Superintendent and struck senseless. Brown denies the allegation, and says the woman was intoxicated, disturbing the patients and dangerously exciting the dying girl. He has always been considered a kind and humane guardian.

Employees vs. Employers.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Dec. 4.—On Saturday last a number of suits were again brought before Alderman Jones, of this city, against the Bethlehem Iron Company by former employees of the company for the recovery of money deducted from the wages of the workmen for store bills, etc., without consent of the hands. It is probable that all the cases will be appealed to court. The suits will cost the company between \$200,000 and \$300,000 if the court decides in favor of the workmen. All of the suits were brought by the discharged employees, who took part in the recent strike.

English Chickens.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—Two English pugilists, Dick Roberts and Bill Goode, recently engaged in a hard glove fight which lasted nine rounds. These took thirty-three minutes to decide, and, as Roberts was getting so badly punished, his friends turned off the gas and raised the cry of "police." In the seventh round Roberts was knocked down twice, and was badly used up. The five other rounds were fought by the aid of lighted tapers, which spectators held in their hands, and the battle was ultimately declared a draw.

An Invincible Arrested.

DUBLIN, Dec. 4.—A prominent invincible, who is now undergoing penal servitude, has offered to give important evidence against fourteen men who are to be placed on trial here for the murder of Mrs. Smythe, near Collinstown, in April, 1882, while she was driving home from church with her brother-in-law.

RURAL GERMANY.

The Life of Drudgery Which the German Peasant Leads.

The Clumsy and Heavy Tools with Which He Works His Farm—Plows of Century-Old Pattern.

[Amos Kaeg in San Francisco Chronicle.]
The German peasant's prosperity consists in getting enough by the hardest kind of work to live on and having enough left over to pay taxes, to give his marriageable daughters dowry enough to make them sought after by the neighbors' sons and to lay up a few dollars a year for possible future contingencies. If he succeeds in doing these things he is looked upon as a man of means and affluence in the community. If he does not succeed he is contented, generally; if not contented he emigrates to America. Nations may survive or perish, dynasties may rise or fall, but as long as he is not disturbed and is left to work his farm and drink his beer, his entire attention and that of his wife, his sons and his daughters, down to the smallest toddler who can pull weeds or pick up stones, is taken up by the few acres he cultivates.

HARD WORK AND POOR TOOLS.
His little patch of ground, separated from that of his neighbor by no fence, is the scene of his daily life from sunrise to sunset. Accompanied by his family he goes there in the early morning, works hard all day and returns to his cheerless home, to repeat it all the next day and the day after that. Yet he has no one but himself to blame because his work is so hard. He does everything in the hardest and most laborious way. Labor-saving machinery is unknown to him and all operations are conducted with the most primitive implements. The spade, mattock, scythe, plow and flail are his only tools. With them he delves and digs, plows and harrows, reaps and mows, plants and threshes and performs all other farm operations.

Even this would not be so bad if his implements were not so clumsy and heavy. It seems to be his idea that everything he has about him must be durable, and durability with him is synonymous with largeness. His spade is a monster of ugliness. Twice as large and heavy as is necessary, its very heaviness and largeness make it less effective. Its handle, generally home-made, is large in circumference, crooked where it ought to be straight and straight where it ought to be crooked, rough and uneven, and is fastened into the large socket of the blade in such an ill-fitting and clumsy manner that one cannot help but wonder what sort of crossed eyes the man who made it had. To be compelled to spade up the garden with such an instrument would surely break the heart of any patriotic American boy. The mattock is also a fearfully and wonderfully made concern. It cannot be described; it is simply sui generis. The nearest American thing to it is a grubbing-hoe; not an ordinary, practical grubbing-hoe, but a great, lubberly, massive one, such as one would imagine a Chinaman or an Indian would make. It requires an immense amount of muscle to raise it. But when once raised it descends with an irresistible force, scattering the clods in all directions.

AN EXasperATING SCYTHE.
The scythe has a blade twice or three times as broad and heavy as the American ones. And it is joined to the handle in a most preposterously clumsy and crude manner, being retained in its place by screws and nails and iron bands enough to build a small-sized house. And the handle itself, besides being large and rough and generally crooked the wrong way, has a set of grips which are positively exasperating, they are placed at such ineffective angles to the blade. It is safe to say that a German scythe will weigh three or four times as much as an American one and is a hundred times harder to manage.

THE PLOW OF A CENTURY.
But the plow is worse than anything else. Heavy and cumbersome, it bears a striking resemblance to the models of plows which were used in America a hundred years ago. Made as nearly entirely of wood as a plow can be made and still tear up the surface of the ground, its diminutive share scratches the surface of the mellow earth in a manner which would make a California gang-plow laugh itself into hysterics. Its beam, large and unwieldy always, crooked and rough generally, looks as if it were originally intended for an entirely different purpose, and had been put to its present use only as a makeshift or as the result of an insane whim of the owner. At the forward end of the beam are attached two small wheels, eighteen inches or two feet in diameter, which run along upon the ground. What the need is of these wheels is a dark and bloody mystery. It is probable that the first plow made in this vicinity was fitted with wheels, hence every plow since then has been made so, and it is more than probable that every plow manufactured here for a good many years to come will also have them.

THE PLOW-TEAM.
The team which drags the instrument varies considerably. If the owner be rather poor, one cow does duty as a plow-horse. A step higher and two cows appear. A man tolerably well off, rich, one might safely say, walks behind a horse and a cow, while only the peasant Rothschilds are possessors of two horses. Oxen are very seldom seen. They cannot be utilized for any other purpose except as beasts of burden, while cows can be used not only in plowing, but also yield milk—a considerable item for their peasant proprietors. And right here I am reminded of the fact that I have seen but one mule since setting foot on European soil. And that solitary specimen was such a mild-mannered, inoffensive chap, without a bit of guile in the depths of his liquid eye, that I very much doubt if he would pass muster in America as a Simon-pure mule. At any rate, he allowed me to play with his ears, dally with his hind feet, and toy with various parts of his person in a manner which I would not dare to assume with his American relatives.

WAKING UP.
American tools and modern American farming machinery, however, are gradually creeping into use; very gradually, it is true, for the German, under all circumstances, is a most conservative chap and does not take at all kindly to new things, but prefers old methods—being for no other reason than because they are old. Yet his prejudices are being moved and one sees

then, an agricultural implement store with a tolerably fair stock of goods on hand. This proves that they are used somewhere, but where I do not know. Certainly none of them are seen in the fields.

A Politic Duke.
The duke of Wellington was a good courier. When George IV., after describing, as he sometimes allowed himself to do, how he led the British cavalry at Waterloo, appealed to him as a witness, with a "Didn't I, Arthur?" the great general bowed politely and said, "I have often heard your majesty say so!"

ON A HEIGHT.
[Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.]
Far in the rare, the upper ether
Ascends a mountain peak;
No cloud can reach its summit, neither
Will wing of eagle seek;
For toward such peerless height uplifting
Mists are exalted in hopeless drifting,
And eagle's flight grows weak.

There lie the morning's earliest splendors,
Her saffron and her rose,
Long before earth her sleep surrenders;
And there at daylight close,
The world to rest and dark returning,
Night through, like fadeless beacon burning,
The sunset's crimson glows.

So high it is, no tempest sweeping
With hurricane can blow;
Nor flood can reach, nor lightning leaping,
Thunder, nor hail, nor snow.
A rainbow in the vaporous weather
Looks like a painted bit of feather
Gilded and gay below.

So runs the legend, and, moreover,
Tells how, upon a time,
A traveler, a world-wide rover,
Caring the steep to climb,
And on its crest a camp-fire lighting,
Left in the ashes words of writing,
His name—a bit of rhyme.

After a score of years returning,
He found what he had wrought,
For the white ashes since their burning
Tempest had troubled not.
Traced with a careless finger merely,
Yet it carved in granite clearly,
There was his written thought.

Where is the mount? In all earth's ranges
Rises there such a height?
Calm and a peaceful, never changing,
Higher than eagle's flight?
Aye, the peak of the lofty spirit;
The stress of turmoil comes not near it,
Nothing but heaven's light.

VISITING AN "IMPRESSIONIST".
How Whistler, the "Apostle of the Attenuated," Works at His Easel.
[Croft's Letter in Pioneer Press.]

In London last summer I tried to see some of the celebrities, and among these "Jimmy" Whistler, as his cronies call him, holds a place of some altitude. He is the father of that vague modern school of art whose members call themselves "impressionists." They paint their feelings, so to speak, instead of the vision of the retina. "What on earth does this represent?" I asked one of these inspired beings at a last academy exhibition, facing a great splash of green with a strip of brown beyond, and in the distance a windmill with delirium tremens. "That," he answered with supreme complacency, "represents how I felt about that patch of turnips." So Whistler would answer you. He painted a canvas black, threw in the middle of it an immense red horizontal streak, then spattered over it little red, green and yellow stars, called it *The Fireworks in Vauxhall Gardens*, and hung it in Grosvenor gallery. Ruskin denounced it as the work of a charlatan, and intimated that no one but a swindler would put such a blotch on exhibition and offer it for sale. The trial was long, angry, acrimonious, and the verdict was given to Whistler—one farthing damages. He claimed it as a victory, because Ruskin had to pay the costs.

Long before Wilde had thought of Japanese decoration, Whistler and Moscheles had equipped their studios with the art trophies of that Oriental people. Indeed Whistler's paintings are felt to have in their balance of color, etc., a trace of Japanese influence. After he had made a good deal of money, and could demand a good price for his work, the artist built for himself a model house on Chelsea embankment, and called it the "White House." It was built according to his own fantastic taste, but was a violation of all conventional methods and plans. The whole top of it was a studio—a vast vacant place, and here, when not working at portraits, he painted those lean and upright figures of his on the narrow and upright canvases.

Whistler is the laureate of the cadaverous, the apostle of the attenuated—a wonderful draftsman, a curious mixture of what lovers of art are inclined to chaff, and what they are sure to reverence. In the "White House" Whistler did some good work. He never uses a palette, and stands most of the time ten or fifteen feet from his canvas. His paints are arranged, in a sweet confusion that is probably order to him, on a table between himself and his model—generally a lady-like, quiet, sandy-haired blonde. He nervously seizes a long brush, looks at the model, rushes to the table and gets the right paint, springs forward and gives a sharp dab at the canvas, and darts back again. "Turn your head a trifle! Down chin! There! Don't stir!" and he makes another dart at the canvas. It is a most earnest and exacting business with him—an intense incubation. He gesticulates. He cries out. He acts as if he were driving a four-in-hand, or trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo. His easel is a sort of target; he takes a long aim and pulls the trigger all at once. It is difficult to get him away from his work.

Stronger Than Horses.
[Auburn Dispatch.]

Mervine Thompson, the champion Canadian wrestler, gave an outdoor exhibition of his great strength last evening. He said that he would pull against any team of horses in the city or county, and would give \$100 to the owner of the team if the horses succeeded in pulling him from a ladder. Thompson quickly removed his coat, vest and hat. A harness resembling a pair of shoulder braces, only a great deal stronger, was thrown over his shoulders and around his waist, with two large straps left dangling from the small of his back. Then lying face downward upon the ladder, fixed in a horizontal position, securely lashed to a telegraph pole, he grasped a round of the ladder with both hands and placed his feet firmly against another flat round at the foot of the ladder. A team was hitched

to these straps, and then commenced the tug of war. The large pair of horses started, strained, and tugged. But in vain. The man could not be pulled from his position. After making three or four futile attempts, this team was removed and a heavy pair of sorrels attached to the man. They, like their predecessors, could make no impression, and the man of muscle did not exhibit the least sign of weakening. Finally one of the employees of Mr. Webster took the animals by the head, and they again exerted their well-trained muscle. This time the large evener to which the whiffletree were attached snapped in twain like a pipe-stem. This settled the contest. The crowd in attendance were well satisfied that the boast of the stranger had been made good, and cheered him heartily.

Not a Grave of Common Green.
[Texas Sittings.]

"Madeline, you know that I am about to die; shall you ever think of me when I am gone?" "Oh, yes, darling," sobbed his wife, "I can never forget you, and I will ever see that your grave is kept green." "Yes, my dear, I know you will; but I have one last request." "What is it, dear?" "Do not keep it that vulgar, low-down, common green, like Simpson's grave, which is so distasteful to the eye. Keep it a rich, delicate olive green."

GRANT'S BELIEF.
Rumor That He Has Become a Spiritualist.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—It is learned, from sources of the highest authority, that General Grant and his wife have been recently converted to spiritualism in its most pronounced form. This statement comes from two ladies, one of whom has a national reputation for culture, attainments and position in society, while the other is likewise lady of great prominence, publicly identified with the advocacy of spiritualism, and who is not only welcome, but the petted guest, in some of the finest of Gotham's palaces. It is stated that both General and Mrs. Grant first became interested in spiritualism and its doctrines from being present, by invitation, at seances held in Fifth avenue and Murray Hill mansions. From being mere spectators they gradually developed into investigators, until they finally found themselves in full accord with followers of the spiritualistic school. The unquestionable authority from which the information comes is also authority for the additional statement that only the fear of public ridicule prevents the General from acknowledging and championing his new-found faith.

Washington Items.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The Republican Senators who met in caucus Tuesday morning, failed to reach any understanding as to the reorganization of the Senate. Another caucus will be held soon.

In the drawing of seats this afternoon the Cincinnati members were rather unfortunate, their names being drawn late. Follett's seat is pretty far back, but in front of the Speaker, while Jordan got a seat well in front, but at the extreme corner at the Speaker's right. There's quite an Ohio colony on the Republican side, the two Taylors, McKinley and Robinson having seats together.

Major Ben. Perley Poore received a dispatch from New York this morning stating that Senator Anthony had passed a quiet night, and that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had placed a special car at his disposal whenever he is able to come to Washington.

A resolution calling for an investigation of the murders at Danville, Va., during the recent election is being prepared and will probably be presented in the House at an early day. Its passage will, of course, be urged with great vigor by the Republican members.

THE PRINTERS' STRIKE.
The Kellogg Office to Be Boycotted by the Union.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 4.—The printers' strike at the Kellogg Newspaper Union Office, contrary to report, has not been satisfactorily adjusted. Of seventeen compositors who went out, only Hall and Baker returned, and the remaining fifteen have since applied to join the Typographical Union, which organization now proposes to antagonize the Kellogg office. An effort will be made through the secretary of the Chicago Typographical Union to make a union office of the establishment here, and that failing, the office here will be boycotted.

Martin's Remorse.
ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 4.—Miss Ober, manageress of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, expressed sympathy when shown the story of Martin's eastern escapade and said remorse had evidently overtaken him, for false malicious statements made during the trial. She says he tried suicide several years ago, owing to irregularities in his accounts as clerk in a merchant tailoring establishment, for which fact he had been forbidden his father's house and expulsion from the Adams, a social club in the village.

Charles Francis Adams' Swindlers.
CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—James Stevens, alias "Fat Jack," arrested in this city a few days ago for confidence operations, turns out to be the rogue who swindled Charles Francis Adams out of \$80,000 in checks and notes about a year ago. The thieves' fraternity of Chicago are trying hard to save him from punishment. His case will be decided to-day.

Closing the Dance Halls.
DODGE CITY, Kan., Dec. 4.—The dance halls were closed last night for the first time in eleven years. No excitement prevailed although the streets were crowded with people. Mayor Dyer announces that he will swear in fifty extra police if any trouble is probable to-night.

The Milwaukee Fire Bugs.
MILWAUKEE, Dec. 4.—Fire bugs attempted the destruction of Adolph Heller's extensive sausage factory. The two upper stories were badly gutted, containing about 22,000 pounds of sausage meat. The entire work was damaged to the extent of \$25,000. There is an insurance of \$22,000 upon the building and contents in Eastern companies.

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